

For hym was levere have at hys Beddes Heed  
Twenty Bookes clad in Blak or Reed  
Of Aristotle and his Philosophie  
Than Robes riche or Fithele or gay Sautrie



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ROBERT PALFREY UTTER







LETTERS

FROM

*SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.*

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*Printed by W. Pople,<sup>1</sup>  
22, Old Boswell Court, Strand.*

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# LETTERS

written during

A JOURNEY IN SPAIN,

AND A

SHORT RESIDENCE IN PORTUGAL.

BY

*ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

---

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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THIRD EDITION, CORRECTED AND AMENDED.

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1808.

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## PREFACE.

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IN the following letters I have related what I have seen. Of the anecdotes with which they abound, there are none of which I myself doubt the authenticity. There are no disquisitions on commerce and politics ; I have given facts, and the Reader may comment for himself. The book is written with scrupulous veracity ; I have never in the slightest instance enlivened the narrative by deviating from plain truth.

I have represented things as they appeared to me. If any one better informed than I am should find me erroneous, I shall beg him to apply this story :

A friend of mine landed at Falmouth with a Russian who had never before been in England. They travelled together to Exeter; on way the Russian saw a directing-post, of which the inscription was effaced. "I did not think till now (said he) that you erected Crucifixes in England." His companion rectified the error, and seeing close by it the waggon direction, "take off here," he added—"had you returned home with this mistake, you would have said not only that the English erected Crosses by the way-side, but that stones were placed telling the passenger where to take off his hat, and where it was permitted him to put it on again."



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# LETTERS

FROM

## SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

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### LETTER I.

---

*Voyage to Coruña. Appearance of the Galician Coast. Custom house. Accommodations. Carts at Coruña.*

CORUNA, Sunday, Dec. 13, 1795.

WHEN first I went on board the Spanish Packet, the mate was employed in cutting a cross upon the side of his birth, and the sailors were feasting upon a mess of biscuit, onions, liver, and horse beans, boiled into a brown pap, which they were all pawing out of a bucket. The same taste and cleanliness of cookery

were displayed in the only dinner they afforded us on the passage; and the same spirit of devotion made them, when the wind blew hard, turn in to bed and to prayers. Our voyage was rough and unpleasant; on the fifth morning, however, the wind became favourable, and we arrived in sight of Cape Finisterre.

The coast of Galicia presented a wild and desolate prospect; a long tract of stone mountains, one rising above another, not a tree or bush upon their barren sides; and the waves breaking at their base with such prodigious violence as to be visible many leagues distant. The sun shone over the land, and half hiding it by the morning mists, gave a transitory beauty. If the eye cannot be filled by an object of vaster sublimity than the boundless ocean, when beheld from shore, neither can it ever dwell on a more delightful prospect than that of land, dimly discovered from the sea and gradually growing distinct. We passed

by a little island, seven leagues from Coruña, and one of our fellow passengers who knew the country observed, on pointing it out to us, that it was only inhabited by *hares* and *rabbits*. A Swede, (who had a little before obliged me with a lecture on the pronunciation of the English language) made a curious blunder in his reply, confounding the vowels *a* and *o*; “As for de vimmin,” said he, “dey may be very good—but de robbers “I should not like at all.”

We dropt anchor in the harbour at one o'clock, as hungry as Englishmen may be supposed to be after five days imprisonment in a Spanish Packet, and with that eagerness to be on shore, which no one can imagine who has never been at sea. We were not, however, permitted to land, till we had received a visit from the Custom-house Officers. To receive these men in office, it was necessary that Señor Don Raimundo Aruspini should pulchrfy his person: after this

metamorphosis took place, we were obliged to wait, while these unmerciful visitors drank the Captain's porter, bottle after bottle, as fast as he could supply them; and though their official business did not occupy five minutes, it was five o'clock in the evening before we were suffered to depart, and even then we were obliged to leave our baggage behind us.

Other places attract the eye of a traveller, but Coruña takes his attention by the nose. My head, still giddy from the motion of the ship, is confused by the multiplicity of novel objects . . . the dress of the people . . . the projecting roofs and balconies of the houses . . . the filth of the streets, so strange and so disgusting to an Englishman: but, what is most strange, is to hear a language which conveys to me only the melancholy reflection, that I am in a land of strangers.

We are at the Navio (*the Ship*) a



PosADA, kept by an Italian. Forgive me for using the Spanish name, that I may not commit blasphemy against all English pot-houses. Our dinner was a fowl fried in oil, and served up in an attitude not unlike that of a frog, taken suddenly with a fit of the cramp. With this we had an omelet of eggs and garlic, fried in the same execrable oil; for execrable it is in this land of olives, as the fruit is suffered to grow rancid before the juice is expressed. Our only drink was wine, not the *vino generoso* with which Spain supplies us in England, but the meagre beverage which the labourers in the vineyard reserve for themselves.

You must perceive that I write at such opportunities as are to be caught, for the room we sit in serves likewise for the bed-chamber. It is now Monday morning. Oh, the misery of the night! I have been *softhead*, that a painter would find me an excellent subject for the mar-

tyrdom of St. Bartholomew. Jacob's pillow of stone was a down cushion, compared to that which bruised my head last night ; and my bed had all possible varieties of hill and vale, in whose recesses the fleas lay safe ; for otherwise, it was so hard that I should inevitably have broken their bones by rolling over them. Our apartment is indeed furnished with windows ; and he who takes the trouble to examine, may convince himself that they have once been glazed. The night air is very cold, and I have only one solitary blanket, but it is a very pretty one, with red and yellow stripes. Add to this catalogue of comforts, that the cats were saying soft things in most vile Spanish : and you may judge what refreshment I have received from sleep.

At breakfast they brought us our tea on a plate by way of cannister, and some butter of the country, which did little credit to the dairies of Galicia. This however was followed by some excellent

chocolate, and I soon established a plenum in my system.

The monuments of Spanish jealousy still remain in the old houses; and the balconies of them are fronted with a lattice more thickly barred than ever was hencoop in England. But jealousy is out of fashion at present; and they tell me, an almost universal depravity of manners has succeeded. The men appear at first like a Jew-looking race; the little boys wear the monkey appendage of a tail; and I see infants with more feathers than a fantastic fine lady would wear at a ball. The women soon look old, and then every feature settles into symmetry of ugliness. If ever Opie paints another witch, he ought to visit Coruña. All ideas that you can form by the help of blear eyes, mahogany complexion, and shrivelled parchment, must fall infinitely short of the life.

The custom house officers were very troublesome. They kept one of our

companions five hours, unrolled every shirt, and handed a new coat round the room, that every body might look at the buttons ! We brought with us a round of salted beef undressed, a cheese, and a pot of butter for our journey ; and they entered these in their books, and made us pay duty for them, as though we were merchants arrived with a cargo of provisions. I had been obliged to call on the Consul in my sea dress. If we had either of us regarded forms, this would have been very unpleasant : but I, as you well know, care little for these extraneous things, and Major Jardine is a man who attended more to the nature of my opinions, than the quality of my coat.

The carts here remind me of the ancient war-chariots, and the men stand in them as they drive. They are drawn by two oxen, and the wheels make a most melancholy and detestable discord. The Governor of this town once ordered

that they should be kept well oiled to prevent this ; but the drivers presented a petition against it, stating that the oxen liked the sound, and would not draw without it ; and therefore the order was revoked. These carts are small, and I often see two oxen drawing what might be conveyed in an English wheel-barrow.

A low wall is built all along the water-side, to prevent smuggling, and a number of little forts are erected about the adjoining coast for the same purpose. This town is admirably paved ; but its filth is astonishing, when, with so little trouble, it might be kept clean. In order to keep the balconies dry, the water spouts project very far ; there are no vents left in the wall, and the water and the filth lie in the middle of the streets till the sun dries, and the wind sweeps them. The market place is very good, and its fountain ornamented with a squab faced figure of Fame. The Fountains

are well contrived ; the spouts are placed so high that no person can either dirt or deface them, and they therefore fill their vessels by the medium of a long tube, shaped like a tobacco-pipe. Some of the houses in one of the back streets here have little gardens, which I am told is very unusual in Spain. Cabbages, turnips, and brocoli thrive here, but horticulture is almost entirely neglected, and the want of vegetable food is one of the privations which an Englishman has to suffer when travelling in this country.

I apply to the language; it is very easy, and with a little assistance I can understand their poetry. This, you will say, is beginning at the wrong end: but remember, that I am obliged to attend to prose in conversation, and that "the cat will always after kind." Or if you like a more classical allusion, you know by what artifice Achilles was discovered at the court of Lycomedes.

Tuesday Evening, Dec. 15.

## LETTER II.

*Theatre. Dress. Maragatos. Jealousy of the Government. Walk among the Mountains. Monumental Crosses. Tower of Hercules.*

Tuesday night.

I AM just returned from the Spanish Comedy. The theatre is painted with a muddy light blue, and a dirty yellow, without gilding, or any kind of ornament. The boxes are engaged by the season: and subscribers only, with their friends, admitted to them, paying a pesetta \*

\* 4 maravedis make 1 quarto.

8½ quartos — 1 real.

4 reales — 1 pesetta.

5 pesettas — 1 dollar, or peso duro, value  
4s. 6d.

In small sums they reckon by reales, in large ones, by dollars or doubloons. The doubloon is an imaginary coin, value three dollars.

each. In the pit are the men, each seated as in a great armed chair; the lower class stand behind these seats: above are the women, for the sexes are separated, and so strictly, that an officer was broke at Madrid for intruding into the female places. The boxes, of course, hold family parties. The centre box, over the entrance of the pit, is appointed for the magistrates, covered in the front with red stuff, and ornamented with the royal arms. The motto is a curious one; "*Silencio y no fumar.*" "Silence and no smoaking." The comedy, of course, was very dull to one who could not understand it. I was told that it contained some wit, and more obseenity; but the only comprehensible joke to me was, "Ah!" said in a loud voice by one man, and "Oh!" replied equally loud by another, to the great amusement of the audience. To this succeeded a comic opera. The characters were represented by the most ill-looking man and woman



I ever saw. My Swedish friend's island of *hares and rabbits* could not have a fitter king and queen. The man's dress was a thread-bare brown coat lined with silk which had once been white, and dirty corduroy waistcoat and breeches; his beard was black, and his neckcloth and shoes dirty... but his face! Jack-ketch might sell the reversion of his fee for him, and be in no danger of defrauding the purchaser. A soldier was the other character, in old black velveret breeches, with a pair of gaiters reaching above the knee, that appeared to have been made out of some blacksmith's old leathern apron. A farce followed, and the hemp-stretch man again made his appearance, having blacked one of his eyes to look blind. M. observed that he looked better with one eye than with two, and we agreed, that the loss of his head would be an addition to his beauty. The prompter stands in the middle of the stage, about half-way above it, before a

little tin skreen, not unlike a man in a cheese-toaster. He read the whole play with the actors, in a tone of voice equally loud; and when one of the performers added a little of his own wit, he was so provoked as to abuse him aloud, and shake the book at him. Another prompter made his appearance to the opera, unshaved, and dirty beyond description: they both used as much action as the actors. The scene that falls between the acts would disgrace a puppet-show at an English fair; on one side is a hill, in size and shape like a sugar-loaf, with a temple on the summit, exactly like a watch-box; on the other Parnassus, with Pegasus striking the top in his flight, and so giving a source to the waters of Helicon; but such is the proportion of the horse to the mountain, that you would imagine him to be only taking a flying leap over a large ant-hill, and think he would destroy the whole æconomy of the state by kicking it to pieces.

Between the hills lay a city ; and in the air sits a duck-legged Minerva, surrounded by flabby Cupids. I could see the hair-dressing behind the scenes ; a child was suffered to play on the stage, and amuse himself by sitting on the scene, and swinging backward and forward, so as to endanger setting it on fire. Five chandeliers were lighted by only twenty candles. To represent night, they turned up two rough planks, about eight inches broad, before the stage lamps ; and the musicians, whenever they retired, blew out their tallow candles. But the most singular thing, is their mode of drawing up the curtain. A man climbs up to the roof, catches hold of a rope, and then jumps down ; the weight of his body raising the curtain, and that of the curtain breaking his fall. I did not see one actor with a clean pair of shoes. The women wore in their hair a tortoise-shell comb to part it, the back of which is concave, and so large as to resemble the

front of a small bonnet\*. This would not have been inelegant, if their hair had been clean and without powder, or even appeared decent with it. I must now to supper. When a man must diet on what is disagreeable, it is some consolation to reflect that it is wholesome; and this is the case with the wine; but the bread here is half gravel, owing to the soft nature of their grind-stones. Instead of tea, a man ought to drink Adams's solvent with his breakfast.

Wednesday.

I met one of the actors this morning, equipped as though he had just made his descent in full dress from the gibbet. The common apparel of the women is a black-stuff cloak, that covers the head, and reaches about half way down the back: some wear it of white muslin; but black is the most common colour, and to me a very disagreeable one, as

\* We have since seen this fashion in our own country.

connecting the idea of dirt. The men dress in different ways ; and where there is this variety, no person is remarked as singular. I walked about in my sea-suit without being taken notice of. There is, however, a very extraordinary race of men, distinguished by a leathern jacket, in its form not unlike the ancient cuirass, the Maragatos, or carriers. These people never intermarry with the other Spaniards, but form a separate race: they cut their hair close to the head, and sometimes leave it in tufts like flowers. Their countenances express honesty, and their character corresponds to their physiognomy; for a Maragato was never known to defraud, or even to lose any thing committed to his care.

The churches here exhibit some curious specimens of Moorish architecture: but as this is a fortified town, it is not safe to be seen with a pencil. A poor emigrant priest last year, walking just without the town gates, turned round to

look at the prospect. He was observed, taken up on suspicion of a design to take plans of the fortifications, and actually sent away !

I had a delightful walk this morning with the Consul, among the rude scenery of Galicia :—little green lanes, between stony banks, and wild and rocky mountains ; and although I saw neither meadows, or hedges, or trees, I was too much occupied with the new and the sublime, to regret the beautiful. There were four stone crosses in one of the lanes. I had heard of these monuments of murder, and therefore suspected what they were. Yet I felt a sudden gloom, at reading upon one of them, “ Here died Lorenzo of Betanzos.”

About a mile from the town, I observed a stone building on an eminence, of a singular construction. “ Do you not know what it is ? ” said Major J. I hesitated. “ If I were not in Spain, I should have thought it a windmill, on

the plan of that at Battersea." "You are right," replied he "this is the only one that has yet been attempted on the peninsula, and it does not succeed. Eri-jaldi, who owns it, is an ingenious, enterprising man; but, instead of improving by his failure, his countrymen will be deterred by it from attempting to succeed. Marco, another inhabitant of this town, has ventured on a bolder undertaking, and hitherto with better fortune; he has established a linen manufactory, unpatronized and unassisted."

Our walk extended to the highest point of the hills, about a league from Coruña. The view from hence commands the town, now seen situated on a peninsula; the harbour, the water winding into the country, and the opposite shore of Ferrol, with the hills towards Cape Ortegal; to the right, the same barren and rocky ridge of hills continues; to the left, the Bay of Biscay, and the lighthouse, or Tower of Hercules. The in-

scription near this building is roofed, to preserve it from the weather; but they take the opportunity of sheltering cattle under the same roof, and their filth renders the inscription illegible. The tradition\* is, that Hercules built the tower,

\* The whole tale is in the Troy Boke, Book II. Chap. 22, entitled "How Hercules founded the city of Corogne upon the tomb of Gerion."

—"When it was day, Hercules issued out of his galley, and beholding the Port, it seemed to him that a city would stand well there; and then he said, that forthwith he would make one there, and concluded to begin it. He sent to all places, where he knew any people were thereabouts, and gave to each man knowledge that he was minded to make a City there, and the first person that would come to put hand thereto, should have the government thereof. This thing was known in Galicia. Many came thither, but a woman named Corogne was the first that came; and therefore Hercules gave unto her the ruling thereof, and named it Corogne, in remembrance of the victory that he had there. Upon the body of Gerion he founded a tower, and by his art composed a lamp, burning continually day and night, without putting of any thing thereto, which burned afterwards the space of three hundred years. Moreover, upon the pinnacle or top of the tower, he



and placed in it a mirror, so constructed by his art magic, that all vessels in that

made an image of copper, looking into the sea, and gave him in his hand a looking-glass having such virtue, that if it happened that any man of war on the sea came to harm the city suddenly, their army and their coming should appear in the said looking-glass; and that dured unto the time of Nebuchadonozar, who being advertised of the property of the glass, filled his galleys with white things and green boughs and leaves, that in the looking-glass they appeared no other but a wood; whereby the Corognians, not knowing of any other thing than their glass shewed to them, did not furnish them with men of arms, as they had been accustomed to when their enemies came, and thus Nebuchadonozar took the city in a morning, destroyed the looking glass and the lamp. When the tower was made, Hercules caused to come thither all the Maids of the country, and willed them to make a solemn feast in the remembrance of the death of Gerion.’’

This is originally an oriental fiction, as a similar tale is told of the Pharos at Alexandria.

*Le Geographe Persien au climat 3e. parlant d’Alexandrie ou ce climat commence, dit que dans cette ville qu’Alexandre fit batir sur le bord de la mer Mediterranée, ce grand Prince fit construire un Phare qui passe pour être une des merveilles du monde; dont la hauteur étoit de 180 coudées, au plus haut duquel il fit placer un miroir fait*

sea, at whatever distance, might be beheld in it\*.

*par l'art talismanique, par le moyen duquel la Ville d'Alexandrie devoit toujours conserver sa grandeur et sa puissance, tant que cet ouvrage merveilleux subsisteroit.*

*Quelques-uns ont écrit que les vaisseaux qui arrivoient dans ce port, se voyoient de fort loin dans ce miroir. Quoi qu'il en soit, il est fort célébré parmi les Orientaux. Les Persans appellent ce Phare, Le Miroir d'Alexandrie. Ils disent que la fortune de la Ville y étoit attachée, parceque c'étoit un Talisman. D'Herbelot.*

They who are not versed in the black letter classics, will be surprised to find Hercules metamorphosed into a Necromancer. I subjoin one more specimen of his art magic. "After this Hercules went to the city Salamanque, and forasmuch as it was well inhabited, he would make there a solemn study, and did make in the earth a great round hole in manner of a study, and he set therein the seven liberal sciences, with many other books. Then he made them of the country to come thither to study: but they were so rude and dull, that their wits could not comprise any cunning of science. Then forasmuch as Hercules would depart on his voyage, and would that his study were maintained, he made an image of gold unto his likeness, which he did set up on high in the midst of his study, upon a pillar: and made so by his art, that all they that came before this image, to have declaration of any science, to all pur-

This lighthouse has probably given name to the town. Bullet derives it

poses and all sciences the image answered, instructed and taught the scholars with students, as if it had been Hercules in his proper person. The renown of this study was great in all the country, and this study endured after the time that St. James converted Spain unto the Christian faith."

It may be doubted whether there has ever been so good a head of a College at Salamanca, since it became a "seminary for the promulgation of sound and orthodox learning."

\* Don Joseph Cornide, a member of the Royal Academy of History, has published his investigations concerning the watch tower. He gives the inscription thus:

MARTI  
AVG. SACR.  
G. SEVIVS.  
LVPVS  
AR\*\*\*TECTVS  
AF\*\*\*\*\*SIS  
LVSITANVS EX V°.

He fills up the second blank by Aflaviensis, and inferring from thence that the tower could not have been built before Vespasian, because no towns were called

from the Keltic *Coryn*, a tongue of land, which is pronounced *Corun*; .. in which

after the Flavian name, before the Flavian family obtained the empire, conjectures it to have been the work of Trajan. In after ages it was used as a fortress; and thus the winding ascent on the outside, which was wide enough for a carriage, was destroyed. In this ruinous state it remained till towards the close of the last century, when the English and Dutch Consuls, resident in Coruna, presented a memorial to the Duque de Uceda, then Captain General of the kingdom, stating the benefit that would result to the port if this tower was converted into a light-house, and proposing to raise a fund for repaying the expences, by a duty on all their ships entering the harbour. In consequence of this a wooden stair-case was erected within the building, and two turrets for the fires added to the summit. Cornide supposes the following inscription, which is in his possession, to have been placed on this occasion.

LVPVS CONSTRVXIT EMV  
LANS MIRAØVLA MEMPHIS  
GRADIBVS STRAVIT YLAM  
LVSTRANS CACVMINE NAVES

A more complete repair was begun in the reign of Carlos III. Under the present King it has been completed, and these inscriptions placed one over each entrance.

of the Keltic dialects it has this signification is not stated. The Welsh *coryn* is

CAROLI III. P. AVG. P. P.  
 PROVIDENTIA  
 COLLEGIVM MERCATORVM  
 GALLAECIAE  
 NAVIGANTIVM INCOLVMITATI  
 REPARATIONEM  
 VETVSTISSIMAE ADBRIGANTIAMPHARI  
 D. S.  
 INCHOAVIT  
 CAROLI III OPT. MAX.  
 ANNO II.  
 ABSOLVIT.

The other is in Spanish.

REINANDO CARLOS IV.  
 EL CONSULADO MARITIMO  
 DE GALICIA  
 PARA SEGURIDAD DE LOS NAVEGANTES  
 CONCLUYO A SUS EXPENSAS  
 EN EL AÑO DE 1791.  
 LA REPARACION  
 DEL MUY ANTIGUO FARO  
 DE LA CORUNA  
 COMENZADA EN EL REINADO  
 Y  
 DE ORDEN DE  
 CARLOS III.

evidently from the Latin *corona*, and means the *crown* of the head, .. the summit of any thing, .. the *corona* or tonsure of the clergy. But Coruña was the Brigantium of the Romans, and its present name being later, cannot be of Keltic derivation. It is first called *Vila da Cruna* by Fernando II. about the close of the 12th century, and according to Florez, Cruna in the Galician and Coruna in the Castillian dialects, are the same as *ad Columnam* in Latin.

We waited on the General of Galicia, to produce our passports, and obtain permission to travel with arms; for, without permission, no man is in this country allowed to carry the means of self-defence. I expected dignity and *hauteur* in a Spanish Grandee, but found neither the one nor the other. His palace is a paltry place; and the portraits of the King and Queen in his state room, would be thought indifferent sign-posts in England.

I have been introduced to a poet and philosopher. The face of Akenside was not distinguished by more genius, or the dress of Diogenes by more dirt, than characterised my new acquaintance. We met at the Consul's this evening, and conversed a little in Latin; not without difficulty, so very different was our pronunciation. We talked of the literature of France and England, and their consequent intellectual progress. We too should have done something in literature, said he; but, crossing his hands, we are so fettered "*istâ terribili inquisitione!*" by that terrible inquisition. This man had been a friar; but little liking a monastic life, he went on foot to Rome; and, by means of money, procured a dispensation from the Pope. He spends his time now in philosophizing, and writing verses. I found him a physiognomist, and our agreement in more important points was as exact as in these.

*banished in*

One peculiarity of this country is, that in good houses no person inhabits the ground floor. A warehouse, a shop, or more generally a stable, is under every private dwelling-house. When you ring the bell, the door is opened by a long string from above; like the "Open Sesame," in the Arabian Tales. We sat round a brazier, filled with wood embers, and occasionally revived the fire by a fan, made of thin chips, while one of the company played on the guitar; an instrument less disagreeable than most others to one who is no lover of music, because it is not loud enough to force his attention, when he is not disposed to give it. The clocks here strike a single stroke at the half hour.

There are German shops here, where almost any thing may be procured. I could not, however, buy a silver spoon without a silver fork. There is a curiosity in the yard of our Posada, which, I am told, is unique in Spain, the ruins



of a temple of Cloacina ; a goddess, whose offerings are thrown into the street by this barbarous people, to the great scandal of all who are accustomed to the sacred secrecy of her mysteries.

Lope de Vega must have had strange ideas of fertility and beauty to speak as he has done in his *Hermosura de Angelica* of Coruña. He calls it

puerto alegre, y playa

Que al hijo peregrino de Laerte,

Pudiera detener mejor quel Lothos

En otros campos fertiles y sotos.

*Canto x. st. 17.*

A pleasant harbour, where the wandering son

Of old Laertes had from wandering ceas'd,

More firmly in these fertile fields detain'd

Than by the Lotos-spell.

My own opinion is, that if Ulysses had put up at the Navio he would have been glad to get out of the town as soon as possible.

### LETTER III.

---

*Departure from Coruña. Road to Betanzos. Travelling accommodations. Scenery of Galicia. Griteru. Bamonde.*

Thursday night.

**A**BOUT two o'clock this afternoon, we left Coruña in *a coach and six*, which is to convey us to Madrid for a hundred and twenty-five dollars. As we sit in the carriage, our eyes are *above* the windows; which must, of course, be admirably adapted for seeing the country. Our six mules are harnessed only with ropes: the leaders and the middle pair are without reins, and the nearest reined only with ropes. The two muleteers, or more properly, the Mayoral and Zagal, either ride on a low kind of box, or walk. The mules know their names, and obey the voice of their driver with astonishing do-

cility. Their heads are most gaily bedizened with tufts and hanging strings of blue, yellow, and purple worsted; each mule has sixteen bells; so that we travel more musically, and almost as fast, as a flying waggon. There are four reasons why these bells are worn: they may be necessary in a dark night; and, where the roads are narrow, they give timely warning to other travellers: these reasons hold good in all countries; the two remaining ones may perhaps be peculiar to this. The Spaniards say that the mules like the music; and that, as all the bells are marked with a cross\*, the Devil cannot

\* This has been a common superstition. "The passing bell was anciently rung for two purposes; one to bespeak the prayers of all good Christians for a soul just departing, the other to drive away the evil spirits who stood at the bed's foot and about the house, ready to seize their prey, or at least to molest and terrify the soul in its passage; but by the ringing of that bell (for Durandus informs us evil spirits are much afraid of bells) they were kept aloof, and the soul, like a hunted hare, gained the start, or had what is by sportsmen called law. Hence, perhaps, exclusive of the additional labour, was occa-

come within hearing of the consecrated  
peal.

The road is excellent. It is one of  
those works in which despotism applies

sioned the high price demanded for tolling the greatest  
bell of the church ; for that being louder, the evil spirits  
must go further off to be clear of the sound.

*Encyclopædia Britannica.*

I have seen the following lines upon this idea.

In ancient days when Superstition's sway  
Bound blinded Europe in her powerful spell,  
The wizard Priest enjoin'd the parting knell  
Whose hallow'd sound should drive the fiend away.  
Then if a poor man died who could not pay,  
Still slept the Priest and silent hung the bell,  
And if a yeoman died his children paid  
Our church to save his parting soul from hell;  
And if a bishop death's dread call obey'd  
Thro' all the diocese was heard the toll,  
For much the pious brethren were afraid,  
Lest Satan should receive the good man's soul;  
But when Death's levelling hand lays low the King,  
For by the law of Nature Kings may die,  
Then every church its needful aid must bring,  
And every bell must toll both loud and long,  
For Satan holds that Monarchs may do wrong.  
Bells, says old Thomas Fuller, are no effectual charm  
against lightning. The frequent firing of Abbey churches.

its giant force to purposes of public utility. The villages we passed through were

by lightning confuteth the proud motto commonly written on the bells in their steeples, wherein each bell entitled to itself a sixfold efficacy.

Funera plango, fulgura fulmina frango, sabbata pango  
Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco cruentos.

Mens deaths I tell

By doleful knell.

Lightning and thunder

I break asunder.

On sabbath all

To church I call.

The sleepy head

I raise from bed.

The winds so fierce

I doe disperse.

Men's cruel rage

I doe assuage.

Whereas it plainly appears that these Abbey steeples though quilted with bells almost cap-a-pee, were not of proof against the sword of God's lightning. Yea, generally, when the heavens in tempests did strike fire, the steeples of Abbeys proved often their tynder, whose frequent burnings portended their final destruction.

*Fuller's Church History of Britain-*

Formerly "before bells were hung they were washed,

mean and dirty, and the houses are in that style of building, with which the pencil of Gaspar Poussin had taught me to associate more ideas of comfort than I found realized. I was delighted with the wild and novel prospect: hills beyond hills, far as the eye could extend, part involved in shadow, and the more distant

crossed, blessed, and named by the bishop. Whatever occasion some Catholics may have given for the reproach, that they attribute to bells the power of driving away demons and dispelling storms, and so on, it is certain the ancient canons of the church only ascribe this power very remotely to bells. Their meaning seems to be this. Satan fears and flees from the bells, because he knows bells summoned good people to church to pray, and he dreads their prayers. It was then to prayer occasioned by the ringing of bells, and not to the bells that such good effects were at first ascribed."

*History of Baptism.*

It were ungrateful to quote from this author and not mention him with respect and applause. Few men have possessed such learning, and still fewer such liberality. I have seldom derived more pleasure from any biographical work than from George Dyer's *Life of Robert Robinson*.

illuminated by the westering sun; but no object ever struck me as more picturesque, than where a few branchless pines on the distant eminences, crested the light with their dark-foliaged heads. The water winds into the country, forming innumerable islets of sand, and, as we advanced, of mud, sometimes covered with such vegetation as the tide would suffer. We saw fig-trees and chesnuts, and passed one little coppice of oaks, scanty trees, and evidently struggling with an ungrateful soil. By the way-side were many crucifixes for adoration, and I counted six monumental crosses. About half a mile before we reached Betanzos, our abode for the night, the road lies by the side of the river Mandeo. It is a terrace with frequent low arches, through which many small currents pass, wind under the hills, and intersect the pasture into little islands. On the other side, the river spreads into a fine expanse of water; we beheld the scene dimly by twilight, but

perhaps this obscurity heightened the beauty of the landscape, by throwing a veil over its nakedness.

Betanzos has been supposed to be the Flavium Brigantium of Ptolemy: it is however shown by Florez to be the Flavia Lambris, and the river Lambre in the neighbourhood is good proof of this.

We are in a room with two beds, of which I have the choice, for both my companions carry their own. It was a custom among the ancients to commit themselves to the protection of some appropriate deity, when about to undertake any difficult enterprize, or undergo any danger. Were I but a Pagan now, I would implore the aid of ΖΕΥΣ ΜΥΙΟΚΟΡΟΣ, or Jupiter Muscarius, and sleep without fear of muskitoes. But as this is the eighteenth century, there are but two spiritual beings, whose peculiar patronage could be of service: Beelzebub, or the Lord of Flies, is one; whom I must renounce, with all his works, even that of fly-flap-



ping: the other power I cannot escape; and must resign myself to scratch for the night. A man came up into the room to beg alms for the souls in Purgatory:— I am going to be in Purgatory myself, and have no compassion to spare.

The walls exhibit saints in profusion, a sculptured crucifix, and a print perhaps worth describing. The Virgin Mary forms the mast of one ship, and Christ of another, standing upon the Chapel of Loretto, which probably serves for the cabin. The Holy Ghost, in the shape of a dove, flies behind the filling sails, while a gentleman in a bag-wig climbs up the side of one of the vessels.

We are going to sup on our English beef. They have brought us a vinegar vessel, about the size of a porter pot; excellently contrived for these two reasons: . . . on account of the narrowness of its neck, it is impossible ever to clean it; and being of lead, it makes the vinegar sweet, and of course poisonous.

On entering the room, we desired the boy to remove a vessel which did not scent it agreeably. So little idea had he that it was offensive, that he removed it from under the bed, only to place it in the closet.

The monastery of S. Salvador de Cinis, which stands a league from Betanzos, by the river Mero, was the scene of a miracle which Yepes received from such unexceptionable authority that he would not pass it over in silence. A Prior of this convent was accustomed always to rise at midnight to matins, and an old monk who was especially devoted to our Lady used to bear him company in this act of devotion. The monk died, and when the Prior rose as usual the following midnight, passing through the cloister on his way to the choir, there he saw him sitting in the moonlight. The Prior said nothing, but returned in fear and trembling to his cell. The next night, there he saw him again in the same place and

posture; upon which he informed the monks what he had seen, besought them to pray for the dead, and sent off to the neighbouring priories, requesting their prayers also. Masses accordingly were celebrated for him, and on the third night the prior passed through the cloister without seeing him; but when he entered the chapel he saw the monk come out of his grave, and proceed slowly on the way to heaven till he disappeared.

Friday evening.

At midnight we heard the arrival of a post from Madrid, who awoke the people of the house by cracking his whip. I cannot say he awoke me, for I, like Polonius, was at supper, not where I eat, but where I was eaten. The ingenious gentleman who communicated his discovery to the public, in the Encyclopædia, that ninety millions of mites eggs amount exactly to the size of one pigeon's egg, may, if he please, calculate what quantity

of blood was extracted from my body in the course of seven hours; the bed being six feet two and a half, by four feet five, and as populous as possible in that given space.

I have always associated very unpleasant ideas with that of breakfasting by candle light. We were up before five this morning. The two beds were to be packed up, and all our baggage to be replaced in the coach. Our allowance was a small and single cup of chocolate, swallowed standing and in haste. This meal is perhaps in England the most social of the day; and I could not help remembering the time, when I was sure to meet a cheerful face, a good fire, and the Courier at breakfast. Our expences here were a dollar and half. At day-break I quitted the coach. The country was more wild and more beautiful than what we had passed yesterday. In the dingle below us on the right, at the foot of a dark and barren hill, a church stood, on the banks

of a winding rivulet. The furze, even at this season, is in blossom. Before us, a little to the left, was a bold and abrupt mountain; in parts, naked precipices of rock; in parts, richly varied with pines, leafless chesnut trees, and oaks that still retained their withered foliage. A stream, foaming along its rocky channel, wound at the base, intercepted from our view where the hill extended its gradual descent, and visible again beyond: a tuft of fir-trees, green even from their roots, grew on the bank. On the summit of the mountain stands a church, through whose tower the light was visible. Santa Aya de Espelunca it is called. Aya is the Galician corruption of Eulalia. There was once a priory there, but only the church remains, which is visible from the coast. Around us were mountains, their sides covered with dark heath, and their fantastic tops richly varied with light and shade. The country is rude and rocky; the houses all without chimnies: and the appearance of

the smoke issuing through their roofs, very singular and very beautiful, as it rose slowly, tinged by the rising sun. In about three hours we began the winding ascent of Monte Salgueiro, whose summit had closed the morning prospect. By ascending directly I reached the top long before the mules. There I rested, and looked back on the watch-tower of Coruña, six leagues distant, and the Bay of Biscay. I was not, however, idle while I rested : as a proof, take these lines.

Fatigu'd and faint, with many a step and slow,  
 This lofty mountain's pathless side I climb,  
 Whose head, high towering o'er the waste sublime,  
 Bounded my distant vision. Far below  
 Yon docile beasts plod patient on their way,  
 Circling the long ascent. I pause, and now  
 Here on the rock my languid limbs I lay,  
 And taste the grateful breeze, and from my brow  
 Wipe the big dews of toil. Oh—what a sweep  
 Of landscape lies beneath me ! hills on hills,  
 And rock-pil'd plains, and vallies bosom'd deep,  
 And Ocean's dim immensity, that fills

The ample gaze. Yonder the giddy heights

Crested with that old convent ; and below

Lies the fair glen, whose broken waters flow,

Making such pleasant murmurs as delight

The lingering traveller's ear. Thus on my road

How sweet it is to rest me, and survey

The goodly prospect of the journey'd way,

And think of all the pleasures it bestowed ;

Not sorrowing that the pleasant scenes are past,

But looking joyful on to that abode

Where PEACE and LOVE await me. Thus at last,

Beloved ! when the wintry hour is near

May we look back on many a well-spent year,

Not grieving at the irrevocable doom

Of man, nor dreading the expectant tomb ;

But with a faith which overcometh fear,

In holy hope of our eternal home.

We proceeded two leagues further to Griteru, over a country of rocks, mountains, and swamps. The Venta\* there exceeded all my conceptions of

\* I know not the exact difference between the Posadas and the Ventas, unless it be that at the former you always find beds. We sometimes slept at a Venta, but in general they had only accommodations for the day.

possible wretchedness. The kitchen had no light but what came through the apertures of the roof or the adjoining stable. A wood fire was in the middle, and the smoke found its way out how it could; of course the rafters and walls were covered with soot. The furniture consisted of two benches and a bed, I forbear to say how clean. The inhabitants of the stable were a mule and a cow; of the kitchen, a miserable meagre cat, a woman, and two pigs, who were as familiar as a young lady's lap dog. I never saw a human being disfigured by such filth and squalidness as the woman; but she was anxious to accomodate us, and we were pleased by her attempt to please us. We had brought an undrest rump of beef from Coruña, and fried some steaks ourselves; and as you may suppose, after having travelled twenty miles, at the rate of three miles an hour, almost breakfastless, we found the dinner excellent. I even begin to like the wine,



so soon does habit reconcile us to any thing. A dollar discharged our reckoning here. Florida Blanca has erected a very good house at this place, designed for a posada, but nobody will tenant it. The people here live in the same styè with their swine, and seem to have learnt their obstinacy as well as their filth.

After dinner we went to look at an arch which had caught our notice as we entered the village. The lane that leads to it, seems to have been paved with stones from the ruins. We were told that the place belonged to the Conde Amiranti, and that the arch had led into the court yard in the time of the Moors. Evidently, however, it was not Moorish. The few fences they have are very unpleasant to the eye; they are made with slate stones about three feet high, placed upright. The distance from Griteru to Bamonde is two leagues. Half the distance we

went by a wretchedly rugged way, for the new road is not completed. It is a great undertaking; a raised terrace with innumerable bridges. We saw many birch trees, and a few hedges of broom. The rocky summit of a distant ridge of mountains which rose before us to the left, was strongly illuminated by the sun, and made more distinct by a mass of dark clouds which had settled behind. I was reminded of the old personification of Economy, by seeing two boys walk by the carriage barefooted, and carry their shoes. Near Bamonde is some of the most beautiful scenery I ever beheld. There is an old bridge, of four arches, almost covered with ivy, over a broad but shallow stream, that within a few yards makes a little fall, and circles a number of islets covered with heath and broom. Near it was a small coppice of birch, and a fine single birch tree hung over the bridge waving its light branches. The hill on the opposite shore rises

abruptly, a mass of rock and heath. About two hundred yards behind, on a gentler ascent, stands a church. The churches are simple and striking; they have no tower, but in its place a single wall, ending in a point with a crucifix; in this two bells are hung, each in a little arch, and through these openings the light is seen far off. The sheep on the hills were, as they generally are in this country, black, and therefore did not enliven the landscape, as in England; but this was well supplied by a herd of goats. It was evening when we reached the posada.

I should think Griteru the worst place in Europe, if we were not now at Bamonde. Judge how bad that place must be, where I do not wish you were with me! At none of these houses have they any windows, and if you would exclude the air, you must likewise exclude the light. There are two beds in the room, their high heads sanctified with a crucifix,

which M. observed must certainly be a monumental cross to the memory of the last traveller devoured by the bugs.

The master of the posada here is a crazy old priest, very inquisitive, and equally communicative, who looked into all our books, and brought us his breviary, and showed us that he could still read it. The woman was very anxious to know if they were at war with England. She said how sorry she should be if such a war should take place, because so many good things came from England, and particularly such beautiful muslin. And this woman, so interested lest muslin should be scarce, had scarcely rags enough to cover her.

We have warmed ourselves by dressing our own supper. The kitchen, as usual receives its light through the stable, and is without a chimney\* ; so you may

\* A part of Gongora's satire upon Galicia, is applicable at this day.

O posadas de madera,

easily guess the complexion of the timbers and the bacon-faced inhabitants. We were assembled round one of the largest fires you ever saw, with some of the men of the village in wooden shoes, three or four children, the Mayoral and Zagal, the mad Priest, the hostess, and the pigs, who are always admitted to the fire-side in this country. So totally regardless are they of danger, that there was a large heap of dry furze within

Arcas de Noe, adonde

Si llamo al Huesped, responde

Un Buey, y sale una Fiera ;

Entrome, (que non deviera)

El cansacio, y al momento

Lagrimas de ciento en ciento

A derramallas me obliga,

No se qual primero diga

Humo, o arrepentimiento.

*O wooden posadas. Noah's arks, where if I call the host an ox answers, and out comes a wild-beast ; fatigue made me enter (which I ought not to have done) and in a moment tears by the hundred were forced out. I know not by which first, smoke or repentance.*

six feet of the fire, and when one of the men wanted a little light without, he seized a handful of straw, and carried it blazing through the stable. We supped again on beef-steaks, and manufactured the remainder into soup, to carry on with us. They raise good potatoes and turnips here, and have even promised us milk in the morning. They boiled some wine for us in an iron ladle. Bread is almost as dear as in England.

## LETTER IV.

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*Lago. Roman Baths. Bishop's Palace.*

Saturday Evening, Dec. 19.

WE were serenaded all night by the muskitoes and mules. The muskitoes always sound their trumpets when they make an attack. The bells are never taken from the mules, and the stable is always under the bed room. These mule-teers are a most unaccommodating race of beings; they made us unload the coach, and load it again, at the distance of fifty yards from the posada, through the mire; and when we set off this morning, they drove up to the door. According to their promise they provided us with goats milk: milk is seldom to be procured,

and there is nothing for which a traveller who is accustomed to it, feels so great a craving. The charge here was only 14 *reales*, less than half the charge at Betanzos. We left some beef intentionally behind us at Bamonde. The people thought it had been forgotten, and followed us to restore it. We crossed the Minio at Ravade, by a bridge of ten arches, four of which are new. The river here is a clear, deep, tranquil stream, about sixty yards wide. The road is unfinished, and the scenery except at this spot uninteresting. We reached the city of Lugo at noon, the *Lucus\* Augusti* of the Romans: here we are detained, for the old coach already wants repairing. The table on which I write is a large stone inlaid with Mosaic work, and set in a frame. They offered us a bed with curtains in the English stile, .. but this we prudently declined.

\* This is satisfactorily shown by Risco. *Esp. Sagrada*. T. 40. Cap. 2.



Lugo is surrounded by a wall, with circular towers projecting at equal distances. There is a walk on the top, without any fence on either side, in width ten feet, and where the towers project, twenty. Time has destroyed the cement. The ruins are in many parts covered with ivy, and the periwinkle is in blossom round the wall. I saw doors leading from the city *into* the walls, and many wretched hovels are built under them without, mere shells of habitations, made with stones from the ruins, and to which the wall itself serves as the back. One of the round towers projects into the passage of our posada, which winds round it. These walls were the work of the Romans, and like all their works, seem to have been built for eternity. They form an irregular circle. The towers and turrets were eighty six in number; one has disappeared, it is not known when or where, having probably been taken down to make room and sup-

ply materials for a dwelling house; one fell down last winter, (1794) and others will probably soon come to the ground in like manner, unless speedy care be taken to repair them. They are at unequal distances, in some places only half a cross-bow shot apart; and what is remarkable, they are built on the wall, not in it, so that the strength of the wall is every where the same. Each tower was raised two stories, that is, had three habitable rooms, one on a level with the wall, two above it; the marks of the chimnies may still be seen; the windows are arched, and fragments of the thick white glass with which they were glazed are often discovered. Some have conjectured that the city was called *Lucus* either from the dazzling reflection of the sun upon these windows; or from the illumination which all these towers presented at night, when they were inhabited; but this is a groundless etymology, for the name existed long before the glass

windows. All the towers are round except a few which are of later date; some of these were built in the reign of Alonso XI. by the Infante Don Felipe, and are inferior to the Roman ones. The height of the walls is not in all places alike, in some places it is more than five and thirty feet. The moat is choaked up. Notwithstanding the want of a parapet, this is the favourite walk of the inhabitants; the circuit is half an hour's walk at a good pace. They are proud of it, and say that two carriages abreast may drive round: two of the Galician carts might perhaps: but even if there were a coach road to the top, I think few charioteers would be adventurous enough to use it.

Many curious antiquities have been destroyed here, especially by the masons. A statue is remembered of an armed Nymph, holding the shield on one arm, and in the other hand a few spikes of corn, the manner in which Spain is re-

presented on a coin of Galba\*. One remarkable inscription† is still preserved.

CAELESTI

AVG

PATERNI

QVIET

CONSTANTII

VV. SS.

The Goddess Cœlestis was worshipped in the African provinces, and especially at Carthage, where according to Herodian, her Image is said to have been brought by Dido. Ulpian enumerates her among the Deities to whom property might lawfully be bequeathed.

The baths which the Romans made

\* Florez has engraved it. *Medallas de Espana.* T. 1. Tab. 1. N. 4.

† Muratori has given it from an erroneous copy. It is here copied from Risco.

here are used at this day as medicinal, and the works which they formed to protect them against the Minho in its floods, may still be traced. The water is strongly impregnated with sulphur. Morales noticed a singular circumstance here. There is a spring of very cold and clear water near these baths, at which other birds drink and wash themselves, but the pigeons all go to the warm sulphureous stream. In 995 Istofredo and his wife Egilo were accused of having committed theft in the house of the Priest Ederigo. The crime was investigated before the Bishop of Lugo, and the accused were ordered to clear themselves by the hot ordeal, *Caldaria*. *Et fecerunt inde pena de rio in Mineo ad illas Kaldas*. These baths are certainly meant, but whether the ordeal was in them, or only at them, seems uncertain. The result was not satisfactory, and another trial was enjoined, in which a *Sayon*, or Executioner, assisted. This also is called *Caldaria*, and

it ended in Istofredo's conviction ; *in peccato nostro exivit ipsa pœna ustulata super nos*. They were fined in three hundred *modios*, half of which went to the Bishop ; fifty were remitted, and for the remaining hundred they surrendered Villa de Peduleos in pledge\*.

Lugo is the first place out of Asturias which was recovered by the Spaniards. Alonso el Católico reconquered it and restored its bishoprick † within twenty years after the Moorish conquest. At present it is what we should call a wretched place. Its massy walls, whose ruinous state is not visible at a little distance, and the towers of the Cathedral, led me as I approached, to expect something more correspondent to the English idea of a city. The streets are narrow, dirty, and dark ; the houses high and gloomy ;

\* *Espana Segrada*, T. 40. C. 9.

† Morales. *Relacion del Viage*. P. 148.

they lessen the little light which the narrowness of the streets allows, by the old wooden lattices of the balconies. The prison is a very singular building.

M. went to visit a canon of the Cathedral, with whom he had once travelled to Madrid. He resides in the Bishop's palace, a place not unlike a college with a quadrangle, round which the priests have their apartments. So little are the ecclesiastics acquainted with the nature of the foreign heresies they detest, that the canon seriously enquired, if we had such a thing as a church in England.

The cathedral \* presents little that

\* A great bell was consecrated here, and called Our Lady's, in 1796, upon which occasion Don Joaquin del Camino, one of the Canons, composed the following inscription..

SIGNUM VIRGIN. MARIE SACRUM EX  
ERE FUS. DOMINICO PALACIO OPIFICE  
CONFL: AB ILLUST. D. D. PHILIPPO PELAEZ  
CAVNEDO LVC. PONTIFICE SAC. CHRIS.  
DELIB: D. JOSEPHO SILVA OSSORIO PRO CA-

is remarkable. The two towers in the front seem to have been intended to be carried higher; but they are now roofed with slates in an execrable taste which seems to be common here, and which I have seen exhibited upon old pigeon-houses in England. The Chapel of the Virgin displayed much elegance. Some of the pillars are Saxons. The front has been modernized in a bad and inappropriate taste.

This Church enjoys a remarkable privilege, and in the opinion of Catholicks a highly important one. The wafer is always exposed, that is, the doors of the *Sagrario* in which it is kept, are glazed, so that the Pix is seen. Many reasons have been assigned for this; among others that it was granted because the doctrine of the Real Presence was established in a Council which was held here,

NONIC. COLLEG. TEMPLI ÆDIT. CVRAN-  
TE IN EIVS CVLMINE SVSPEN. ANNO  
D. MDCCXCVI.



in opposition to a heresy then prevalent in Galicia. The same privilege exists in the Royal Convent of St. Isidro at Leon, but no traces of its origin are to be found among the archives of either church\*.

While we were in the cathedral, I observed a woman at confession. Much of the depravity of this people may be attributed to the nature of their religion :

\* Risco therefore concludes by quoting what Molina has said upon the subject *con gran acierto*, in his *Descripcion del Reyno de Galicia* ;

*En esta Ciudad tampoco no callo  
Estar descubierto en la Iglesia mayor  
El Sacramento, sin mas cobertor ;  
Que en otras Iglesias tal cosa no hallo.  
La causa y secreto queriendo alcanzallo,  
De estar asi puesto tan gran Sacramento,  
Algunas se dicen, mas lo que yo siento  
Es lo mejor contino adorallo.*

The meaning of which is, that he enquired the cause and heard several assigned ; but his own opinion was, that it was best to continue adoring it.

they confess their crimes, wipe off the old score by absolution, and set off with light hearts and clear consciences, to begin a new one. A Catholic had robbed his confessor. "Father," said he at confession, "I have stolen some money; will you have it?" "Certainly not," replied the priest: "you must return it to the owner." "But," said he, "I have offered it to the owner, Father, and he will not receive it." "In that case," said the priest, "the money is lawfully yours;" and he gave him absolution. An Irishman confessed he had stolen some chocolate. "And what did you do with it?" asked the confessor. "Father," said he, "I made tea of it."

It is urged, in favour of this practice, that weak minds may be saved by it from that despair of salvation, which makes them abandon themselves to the prospect of an eternity of wretchedness. Yet, surely, it is a bad way to remedy one superstitious opinion by establishing

another ; and if reason cannot eradicate this belief, neither can superstition ; for weak minds always most easily believe what they fear. The evil introduced, too, is worse than that which it is intended to supplant. This belief of reprobation must necessarily be confined to those of gloomy tenets ; and among those, to the few who are pre-disposed to it by an habitual gloom of character. But, the opinion of this forgiving power vested in the church, will, among the mob of mankind, destroy the motives to virtue, by eradicating all dread of the consequences of vice. It subjects every individual to that worst slavery of the mind, and establishes an inquisitorial power in the ecclesiastics : who, in proportion as they are esteemed for the supposed sanctity of their profession, will be found less anxious to obtain esteem by deserving it. Beyond all doubt, the frequency of assassination in all Catholic countries is greatly to be attributed to this belief in the absolving power of the church.

But absolution is always granted conditionally, on the performance of certain *duties of atonement*. And what are these *duties of atonement*? A Spaniard of whom I enquired told me, “*many Ave Marias, many Fasts, and many Alms.*” Remember, that those alms usually go to the mendicant friars, or to purchase masses for the souls in purgatory; and you will see of what service penance is in correcting vicious habits. You will hardly believe, that the absolving power of the church was maintained, not four years ago, from the pulpit of St. Mary’s\*, at Oxford.

\* I well remember noticing this with wonder; some of the leading members in the University noticed it with praise. But a Preacher who had gone so far could not, if he were a man of thorough integrity, stop there; this was the case, and he is now a convert to the Church of Rome. Gibbon became so from the same College before him. I hope that like Gibbon he will be reasoned out of a degrading system of mythology, and that unlike him, he will find a safe resting place in pure and undefiled Christianity.

## LETTER V.

*St. Juan de Corbo. Marillas. Puente del Corzul. Lugares. Familiarity of the Spanish poor. Castro. Road to Villa Franca. Palace of the Duke of Alva. Melancholy history of a widow.*

Monday, Dec. 21.

WHATEVER may be the state of the human mind, the human body has certainly degenerated. We should sink under the weight of the armour our ancestors fought in, and out of one of their large and lofty rooms, I have seen a suite of apartments even spacious for their pigmy descendants. The "sons of little men," have taken possession of

the world! I find no chair that has been made since the Restoration high enough for an evening nap: when I sit down to dinner, nine times out of ten I hurt my knees against the table; and I am obliged to contract myself, like one of the long victims of Procrustes, in almost every bed I sleep in!... Such were the melancholy reflections of a tall man in a short bed.

I saw a fellow in the stable sleeping in a thing like a washing-tub. Our expences here were 72 reales; but this includes Malaga wine, a couple of fowls which we have laid in for the road, and bread for the next two days, which they advised us to take with us. The charge for each bed is three reales.

The city of Mondoñedo, which is a day's journey N. E. of Lugo, was nearly destroyed in 1761 by a storm of rain. On the evening of the 9th of September heavy clouds gathered in the north, and collected upon the mountains which bend

round the city from east to west. In the night the thunder and lightning began, the rain fell in torrents, which carried away every thing before it, and rolled the wreck of the mountains down upon the town,—the streets were choaked in many places up to the first floors of the houses, and some were thrown down. Six lives only were lost. A grant was made them from the royal Treasury, of 145,000 reales (7,250 dollars).

The road from Lugo is very bad : in many places it is part of an old Spanish paved road with a stone ridge in the middle. The country is better peopled and better wooded than what we have past, and we frequently saw the Minho winding beautifully below us. We past a miserable hovel with a projecting roof: it was worse than an old barn ; but upon looking in, it proved to be a chapel. At St. Juan de Corbo we stopped to eat. The church-yard wall there is covered with crosses, and there are some consi-

derable ruins adjoining. Here is the only house I have yet seen that reminded me of an English country seat. It belongs to Don Juan de Balcasas, an Hidalgo. I was sitting very comfortably at my meal, on a sunny bank, when two pigs came up to me, shaking their tails like spaniels, and licked up the crumbs, and getting between my legs, put up their snouts for more; such familiarity have they learned from education. In about two hours afterwards we reached the mountains, from whence we looked back on Lugo, four leagues distant, and the hills as far again beyond. It was noon, and the sun very hot; the beetles were flying about as in the evening in England. The country grew more beautiful as we advanced; I have never seen scenes more lovely. We passed one of those mills, common in this country, with a horizontal wheel. I thought its effect finer than that of a perpendicular one, perhaps from not being accustomed



to it; perhaps from the simplicity of the building, and its situation. It stood in a glen below the road, a low and little hut, upon a clear mountain stream; the hill rose steep and immediately behind.

We reached Marillas to dinner; a wretched venta, where they would light no fire to dress our fowls. The room we were in was at once a hay loft, a carpenter's shop, a tailor's shop, and a saw-pit, besides serving to accommodate travellers. We had bread from Lugo, so that with our English beef and our English cheese, and procuring good water and excellent wine, our fare was very good; but, like true Trojans, we were obliged to eat our tables.

Immediately after dinner we entered upon the new road which wound upon the side of the mountains. As our day's journey was longer than usual, eight leagues and a half, owing to our halt of yesterday, we went the greater part of this stage by moonlight. A mountainous

track is well adapted for moonlight by the boundedness of its scenery. We past the Puente del Corçul, a bridge over a glen connecting two mountains. It was now a scene of tranquil sublimity; but in the wet season, or after the snows dissolve, the little stream of the glen must swell into a rough and rapid torrent. I do not know the height of the bridge, but it was very great. The road is continually on the edge of a precipitous descent, and yet no wall is erected. We were five hours going the three leagues to Lugares. There is a monumental cross by the door of the posada, and the women begged us to take all the things out of the coach, lest they should be stolen.

Our room there was of an ancient and buggy appearance, with true alehouse pictures of St. Michael and the Virgin. I like the familiarity of the people at these places. They address us with cheerfulness, and without any of that awkward silent submission which ought never to

be paid by one human being to another. How often in England have I heard a tavern waiter cursed by some fellow who would never have dared to insult him, if his situation had permitted him to resent the insult. I have observed nothing of this in Spain. The people show civility, and expect to receive it. It has been said that no man was ever a hero to his valet; but great minds are conspicuous in little actions, and these fall more under the inspection of domestics than of the world.

The Spanish women are certainly great admirers of muslin. They were very earnest here with M. to sell them his neckcloth. Buy, however, they could not, to beg they were ashamed, and so the next morning they stole my uncle's. Josepha took hold of my hair, asked me how I wore it in England, and advised me never to tie it or wear powder. I tell you this for two reasons; as an example that such whose tastes are not vitiated, dislike

the absurd custom of plastering the head with grease, and then covering it with dust; and to shew you the familiar manners of the people.

There is an entrenchment near Lugo, and another by St. Juan de Corbo. The fences in that part are walls of granite, and the stones so large that immense labour must have been necessary to pile them. The granite rocks, in the fields, were frequently surrounded by trees, and ornamental to the landscape. I saw some shrubs growing on one, where the soil must probably have been placed by art, for I know not how it could have accumulated.

Manuel Ximenes, our Mayoral, awoke us at three this morning, to know what o'clock it was. We set off as usual soon after five. Not far from Lugares, half way down the mountain, opposite the road, is a natural bridge of rock. The rocks here are of schist. We were three hours ascending from Lugares, and that

place lies high. You know I never ride when I can walk. The clouds wetted me as they passed along. I was fatigued, and when the body is wearied, the mind is seldom cheerful.

Another mountain yet ! I thought this brow  
 Had surely been the summit; but they rise  
 Hill above hill, amid the incumbent skies,  
 And mock my labour. What a giddy height !  
 The roar of yonder stream that foams below,  
 Meets but at fits mine ear: ah me ! my sight  
 Shrinks from this upward toil, and sore oppress,  
 Sad I bethink me of my home of rest.  
 Such is the lot of man. Up Life's steep road  
 Painful he drags, beguiling the long way  
 With many a vain thought on the future day,  
 With PEACE to sojourn in her calm abode.  
 Poor Fool of Hope ! that hour will never come  
 Till TIME and CARE have led thee to the tomb.

The inhabitants of this peninsula are far advanced towards that period when all created beings shall fraternize. The muleteer sleeps by the side of his mule, the brotherly love of Sancho and Dapple may be seen in every hovel ; and

the horses, and the cows, and the cats, and the dogs, and the poultry, and the people, and the pigs, all inhabit the same apartment, not to mention three certain tribes of insects, for preserving of whom all travellers in Spain are but little obliged to Noah. The houses here are exactly like the representations I have seen of the huts in Kamschatka. The thatch reaches to the ground, and there is a hole left in it which serves for the inhabitants to go in and the smoke to go out. The thatch is blackened with smoke, and consequently no moss can grow there. We stopt at the village of Castro\*, our only halt for the day, and procured dried pork and dried beef, neither of which were good. There is only a venta here, while one of Florida Blanca's new posadas stands uninhabited the very next door. We were descending from half-past nine to half-past five in the evening.

\* Probably this place is the Castro de la Ventosa, mentioned hereafter :—the *Bergidum Flavium* of Ptolomy.

We left a ruined castle to our right, small indeed, but from its situation very striking; and soon after the iron works of Herrerias. The mountains are in parts cultivated, even to their summits; at this season there is plenty of water, and there are trenches cut in the cultivated lands to preserve it. Oaks, alders, poplars, and chesnut trees, are numerous in the valleys; and we saw the first vineyards. A lovely country, a paradise of nature; but the inhabitants are kept in ignorance and poverty, by the double despotism of their Church and State. I saw a woman carrying a heavy burthen of wood on her head, which she had cut herself, and spinning as she walked along; a melancholy picture of industrious wretchedness.

The churches here have little balconies on the outside, with sculls in them. It is well that we should be familiarized to the idea of death; but instead of being presented to us ghastly and terrible, it should

be rendered pleasant; instead of dwelling on the decay of the body, we should be taught to contemplate the progression of the spirit.

Three people passed us with wens, and I puzzled myself in vainly attempting to account for the connection between wens and mountains. I saw a calf walk into one of the houses, pushing by a woman at the door with a coolness that marked him for one of the family. The bee-hives here are made of part of the trunk of a tree hollowed, about three feet high, and covered with a slate.

*Sit mihi fas audita loqui.* An Englishman told me that going behind a posada by moonlight he saw one of these hollow pieces of wood with its stone cover, and mistook it for a sort of necessary convenience, the want of which is the greatest inconvenience our countrymen feel either in Spain or in Edinburgh. A caricature of the Englishman's mistake upon the occasion, would amuse the Spaniards, for



he was in the worst trim possible for making a speedy retreat, when he took off the cover, and out came the bees upon him.

We are now at Villafranca\*, a name not unfrequent in this peninsula, and often to be found in the title page of prohibited books. The history of this place is distinctly known: it is upon the high road to Compostella, once so much frequented by pilgrims from France as to

\* A Genealogical History of the Marqueses de Villafranca was published at Naples, 1676, by Fr. Geronimo de Sosa. The book has this singular piece of folly at the end.

A Y L M A A B R A I D A O  
 S S A E N A T E I L S S  
 I A M N A T C I O S N I C M  
 E O B S I A D C A R S A I M  
 N E C N V T L O P D A E O  
 E R L I A G L I T N A A R L.

Reading the larger letters first, and then the smaller ones, they make the following sentence. *Alabado sea el Santisimo Sacramento de el Altar, y Maria Santisima concebida sin culpa original.*

be called *el Camino Francés*, the French Road. In the reign of Alfonso VI, some Monks of Cluni took up their abode here, to administer the sacraments to a few French settlers, and to travellers of that nation. They built a church which they called *Nuestra Señora de Cluniaco*, now corrupted into *Cruñego*, and erected into a collegiate church. A little town had grown up in the days of the Queen Proprietress Urraca: it is named in old writings *Villa Francorum*, and that name was easily naturalized in its present form. It is now what may be called the Capital of this district, is inhabited by some good families, gives title to a Marquis, and has three nunneries, a convent of Franciscan Friars, and formerly had one of Jesuits.

When Morales went upon his literary mission through this part of Spain (1572), there were six and twenty Greek manuscripts in the Franciscan monastery here, being part of the library of Don Pedro de

Toledo, the Viceroy of Naples, which he had presented to the convent. Some were parts of the Bible, others parts of Chrysostome's works; what the remainder were he does not state, except that one of them was written wholly in capitals: he added that it would be easy to get them from the Friars in exchange for printed books, if the consent of the Toledo family were obtained. It was this Don Pedro who prevailed upon the Pope to erect Santa Maria de Cluniaco into a collegiate church, to be his burial place: and he was the Viceroy to whom this was applied as an epitaph, 'wickedly,' says Camden, 'detorted out of the scripture.' *Hic est, Qui propter nos et nostram salutem descendit ad inferos.* This is he, who for us and our salvation descended into hell.

Never did I see a town so beautiful as we approached; but when we entered... Oh the elegant cleanliness of Drury Lane! There is an old palace opposite the po-

sada, of the Duke of Alva, old and ruinous, and mean and melancholy as a parish workhouse in England. I stood for some time at the balcony, gazing at this place, where the most celebrated and most detestable of its possessors may perhaps have listened to the songs of Lope de Vega, perhaps have meditated massacres in Holland. The mournful degradation of the Dutch, as well as of the Spanish character, forcibly occurred to me, and I looked on with, I trust, the prophetic eye of Hope, to the promised Brotherhood of Mankind, when Oppression and Commerce shall no longer render them miserable by making them vicious.

I have just heard from one of my fellow travellers, who has passed the road frequently, a melancholy tale of the daughter of the host here. She married a young man above her own rank; he died, all that he possessed died with him, and the widow left destitute with two

very young children, is returned again to the miserable poverty and labour of a posada. Very soon after her husband's death an Irishman offered to take her into keeping. Her only reply was, "You say you love me, Sir, and yet you can insult me by this wicked offer!"

Tuesday, before day-light.

I have seen this widow. She cannot be more than two-and-twenty. Her two children were by her; the one an infant, the other about two years old, deaf and dumb; they are beautiful children, though disfigured by dirt, and in rags. Her dress was black, and bad enough for her present situation; but the manners of one accustomed to better scenes were evident. She had white stockings, and shoes whose make discovered that shaping of the foot and ankle which peculiarly distinguishes the higher class from those who work for them. There is a liquid lustre in the full black eye of the Spanish women, of which

you can have no idea : her face expressed a meek resignation to wretchedness. What must that man's heart have been made of, who could have insulted this woman ?

Tuesday evening.

We have advanced only four leagues to-day, for the old coach is laid up again. I have been thinking of the poor widow.

And does there then, TERESA, live a man  
Whose tongue unfaltering could to such foul thoughts  
Yield utterance ? 'Tempt thee to the hireling bed !  
Buy thee, TEREZA, to another's arms !  
Thee, sufferer ! thee, forlorn and wretched one !  
Ere yet upon thy husband's grave the grass  
Was green ! Oh ! is there one whose monstrous heart  
Could with insulted modesty's hot blush  
Make crimson the poor widow's woe-pale cheek !  
Was this thing of my species ? shaped in the mould  
Of man ? and fashioned to the outward show  
All human ? Did he move aloft and lift  
On high his lordly face ? and formed of flesh  
And blood like mine, meandering thro' his veins ?  
I blush for human nature ! and would fain  
Prove kindred with the brutes. She rais'd to Heaven  
Her dark eyes with a meek upbraiding look,  
And felt more keen her loss, and dropt a tear

Of aggravated anguish. I almost  
 Could murmur at my lot assign'd by fate,  
 And covet wealth, that from the bitter ills  
 Of want I might secure thee, and provide  
 Some safe asylum for thy little ones,  
 And from the blasting wind of Poverty  
 Shield their young opening reason. I would be  
 Even as a brother to thee, sit by thee,  
 And hear thee talk of days of happiness,  
 How fast they fled, and of the joys of Youth  
 And Hope, now buried in the grave of Love!  
 Oh I would listen to thy tale, and weep,  
 And pour upon Affliction's bleeding wounds  
 The balm of Pity. Sufferer, fare thee well!  
 God be thy comforter, and from a world  
 Of woe, release thee soon! I on my way  
 Journeying remember thee, and think of one  
 In distant England, grateful to that Power,  
 Who from the dark and tempest-roaring deep,  
 Preserved a life she renders doubly dear.

## LETTER VI.

*Carcabelos: Ponferrada. Manners of the Muleteers. Travelling accidents. Hospitality of the Barber at St. Miguel de las Duenas. His library. Christmas Day. Manzanar. The Bierzo.*

Wednesday, Dec. 23.

**A** YOUNG barber of Oviedo, travelling to Madrid to seek his fortune, has joined our party, and a very valuable acquisition he is. He waits on us, markets for us, assists us in cooking, shaves, bleeds, draws teeth, understands my Spanish, and has moreover one of the best physiognomies in Spain.



We found English plates every where till we reached Villafranca. Our chocolate cups there were brought on a pewter plate, with a pewter cup fixed in the middle, to hold the earthen one. In this country we can get only white wine. The poor wear wooden shoes turned up at the toe like skaites, and with soles raised like the Devonshire clogs.

We left the new road at Carcabalos, a league from Villafranca. Here, for the first time, I saw the mark of manorial boundaries, which would be no unmeaning emblem in France; it is a gibbet. We now entered upon a sandy, stony plain; a little herbage grew on it, but M. tells me it is bare in summer, and swarming with immense grasshoppers. The plain is about three leagues in diameter, surrounded by high mountains, at the foot of which, over a grove of evergreen oaks, we saw the town of Ponferrada. Had I only seen Villafranca and Ponferrada as we approached, without see-

ing or smelling either the streets or the inhabitants, I should have thought Spain a Paradise.

This town, which is situated at the confluence of the Sil and the Bueza, owes its origin, like Villafranca, to the great resort of pilgrims to Compostella in old times. Osmundo, who was Bishop of Astorga from 1082 to 1096, built a bridge over the Sil for their accommodation. The Puente de Quintanilla it was originally called; how it obtained the name of Ponsferrata, I know not; but thence that of the town which grew up there. It belonged to the Templars, and they fortified it: after their extinction the Condes de Lemos possessed it, till in 1486 it was purchased by the Crown. Here are three Parish Churches, a Convent of Augustinians, a Convent of Nuns of the Conception, and a Hospital of the Bare-foot Carmelites. *N. Señora de la Encina* is the patroness of the town, so called because her image was found in a

hollow oak ;.. it is *sumamente milagrosa*, miraculous in the highest degree.

We found the posada pre-occupied by a Marquis and his retinue. A pleasant incident, for the axle-tree was damaged, and to proceed of course impossible. Luckily the Marquis departed, and here we are still detained. Opposite to our balcony is the house of some Hidalgo, with whom five ladies are just arrived to dine in an open cart, drawn by oxen\*.

\* "I observed in this town (Piacenza) a notable piece of thriftiness used by the gentlewomen, who make no scruple to be carried to their country-houses near the town, in coaches drawn by two cows yoked together ; these will carry the Signora a pretty round trot unto her villa ; they afford her also a dish of their milk, and after collation bring her home again at night without spending a penny."

*The Voyage of Italy by Richard Lassels, Gent. who travelled through Italy five times, as tutor to several of the English Nobility and Gentry. Paris, 1670.*

When Pope visited Walsh at Abberley in Worcestershire, they went to Church in a coach which was drawn over the side of the hill by oxen.

They wear their hair combed straight, parted on the forehead, and tied loosely in the middle behind. The simplicity of their dress and their equipage pleased me, and we looked at each other with mutual curiosity. Opposite our other balcony is a convent, and curiosity has crowded all its windows.

Day and night are we annoyed by the incessant noise of the mules; by night they are under us; we are only separated from the stable by planks laid across the beams,

“ And sounds and stinks come mingled from below.”

By day the Mayoral is continually calling out to his mules: he gallops over the two first syllables of their name, and dwells upon the two last with a sound as slow and as wearying as the motion of his own carriage. “ *Aquileia, Capitana, Gall-ega, malditas mulas!*” Then he consigns them to three hundred devils, the exact number they always swear by; calls them

thieves, pickpockets, and concludes the climax of vituperation by "alma de muerda," which is, being interpreted, the Soul of what the Laputan philosopher could never transmute again into bread and cheese. Sometimes he beats them furiously, and frequently flings a great stone at their heads.

They make the most beautiful counterpanes at Ponferrada that I ever saw; the threads are so disposed that the whole seems covered with fringe, or rather resembles the fleece of a Spanish sheep\*. The people appear very averse to a war with England. We had a good deal of conversation with a tradesman here, an

\* Perhaps they were invented to imitate the skin of the *Bicerra*, an animal which inhabited the rocks of Asturias. Coverlets were formerly made of its skin, which, Morales says, could scarcely be borne in the coldest winter weather. He supposes it to be the Ibex of the Vulgate, the Wild Goat of our Bible: it is more probably the Chamois, from this circumstance. I know not if it is still to be found there. The civet (*almizclera*) is also an inhabitant of these provinces.

intelligent man, who felt how the internal state of the country injured commerce.

There are many specimens of Moorish architecture on the houses here. Many of the spouts that project below the roof to throw off the water, are shaped like cannon. The Castle is a fine object; it is great and grotesque, and gives me a good idea of the Giants Castles of Romance. A very remarkable pillar stands without the town, . . it is the place of execution.

Beef is ten quartos (about three pence) the pound. Bread five quartos. Brown bread, made of Indian corn, three quartos. Twelve eggs for twenty quartos. The price of labour from four to six reales.

Thursday, Dec. 24.

We left Ponferrada this morning, and our newly-mended axle-tree lasted us almost three miles. The descent was steep, the road bad, and the coach crazy.

Luckily we were all walking when it broke down. The Mayoral invoked the Virgin Mary to help him, and three hundred devils to carry off the coach ; he however soon found it more useful to go for human assistance, while we amused ourselves by walking backward and forward on a cold, bleak, desolate heath, with only one object in view, and that a monumental cross. In about two hours we advanced a mile to the village of St. Miguel de las Duenas. Here there is no posada, and we are therefore at the house of the *Barbero* ; to call him a Barber would be to derogate from his dignity ; for though a village barber is always a great man, here he is particularly so, being tooth-drawer, bleeder, bonesetter, and surgeon.

I have been looking over our host's library ; it contains a little about physic, and a great deal about the Virgin Mary. Of his medical books, I believe the only one ever heard of in England,

is Dioscorides, in an old Spanish translation! However if our friendly host be not a good surgeon, he is certainly a good Catholic. Over his books is a print called Our Lady of Seven Sorrows; it represents the Virgin Mary pierced through by seven swords, while Christ is lying dead in her lap. To such a print you will naturally think nothing could be affixed more suitable than the song of her Seven Good Joys. There is however under it a representation of the linen in which Joseph of Arimathea wrapped up our Saviour's body, and which retaining a miraculous likeness, is highly revered in these countries; not without cause, for through the merits of this Holy Napkin, or Santo Sudario, every time a certain prayer is repeated, a soul is released from Purgatory, by permission of Clement VIII. If the Pope should be in the right, you will do good by reading it; if not, you may at least gratify your curiosity.



*Oracion del Santo Sudario, para llevar  
una Alma del Purgatorio.*

*Senor, haviendo nos dexado senales de  
su dolorosa passion sobre el santo Sudario,  
en el qual sacratissimo cuerpo fue sepultado  
por Joseph, concede nos por su miserecor-  
dia y los merecimientos de su muerte y  
sepultura, podemos alcansar la gloria de su  
triumphante Resurreccion. Pues vive y  
regna con el Padre en la unidad del Spi-  
rito santo por todos los siglos de los siglos.  
Amen.*

**The Prayer of the Holy Napkin to deli-  
ver a Soul from Purgatory.**

Lord, who hast left us the marks of  
thy dolorous passion upon the Holy Nap-  
kin, in which thy most sacred body was  
buried by Joseph, grant that through  
thy mercy and the merits of thy death  
and burial, we may partake of the glory

of thy triumphant Resurrection. Thou who livest with the Father in the unity of the Holy Spirit, for ever and ever. Amen.

Of the nature of our Host's theological library, you may judge by this chance specimen. A holy man, reading the Song of Solomon, came to the seventh verse of the fourth chapter. .. "My beloved is pure and without spot." Musing on these words he fell into a deep sleep, and beheld the Virgin Mary, in a vision, with all her retinue of Cherubim and Seraphim. They repeated the verse, "My beloved is pure and without spot," and a more divine voice immediately added, "*etiam in conceptione*," even in conception. This, says the author, is an irrefragable proof of the immaculate conception of the Mother of God!

I ought to observe that this has nothing to do with the Orthodox and

Arian tenet of the Immaculate Conception. It is only to prove the Franciscan dogma, that the Virgin Mary herself was born without the stain of Original Sin.

In England the red petticoat only peeps through a covering of lawn; but here the Babylonian walks the street in full dress scarlet. In England, where O'Leary is a Popish Priest, and Geddes chuses to call himself a Catholic, I have felt myself inclined to think that the absurdities of Popery may have been exaggerated: but here, "the serious folly of Superstition stares every man of sense in the face\*."

At the entrance of this village stands a tree†, two of whose branches had the misfortune to grow somewhat in the shape of a cross. The top and the limbs were there-

\* Mary Woolstonecraft.

† A famous natural crucifix of this kind was found in Chili, 1636. Ovalle gives a print of it. It was burnt in 1729, but another was made as like it as possible, and the fragment which was left, set in it like a relick. There is a fac-simile of this crucifix at Madrid.

fore lopt off, and a face carved on it, similar to what I have seen boys cut upon a turnip; this done, it is an object of devotion.

Our host has been just catechising my uncle:.. Do you believe in God? To be sure I do... And do you believe in Jesus Christ? Certainly, replied my uncle. ... But ask him, said his son-in-law, in a whisper loud enough to be heard, ask him if he believes in the Virgin Mary?

There is a large Nunnery\* near us,

\* The Infanta D. Sancha, sister of Alfonso VII. founded this Cistercian monastery 1152. In 1530, the Nuns of S. Guillermo de Villabuena, three leagues off, upon the Cua, being washed out by the floods, were incorporated with this Convent. Villabuena was also a royal foundation. It had been a palace of the kings of Leon. Bermudo II. resided and was buried there. Alfonso IX. gave it to his first wife, Queen S. Teresa, daughter of Sancho I. of Portugal, and she erected it into a Cistercian monastery, in which two of her daughters professed. Both endowments being thus incorporated, S. Miguel de las Duenas is a wealthy convent, and in high estimation.

where we have heard the Nuns sing. The chapel grating is by no means close, and when the service was over they came close to it, probably to gratify their own curiosity as well as ours. Some of them were handsome, and I saw none who either by their size or their countenance indicated austerity. This is a beautiful spot. The room I am in commands a tranquil and pleasing view: a little stream, the Bueza, flows near the house; the convent lies to the right, and we look over a rich valley to the high mountains near us. Where we are to sleep I know not, for our host's daughter and her husband sleep in the kitchen, and in this, the only other room, the barber, his wife, and child!

The only face for which I have conceived any affection in Spain, is a dried pig's, in the kitchen below; and, alas! this is a hopeless passion!

Christmas Day, six o'clock in the evening.

In the cold and comfortless room of a posada, having had no dinner but what we made in the coach, fatigued, and out of spirits, ... a pleasant situation! I have been walking above three hours up this immense mountain; very agreeable, no doubt, for the goats who browse in the vallies, and the lizards and wolves who inhabit the rest of it! We slept last night in the room with the barber, his wife, and child. At midnight they all went to Cock-mass. At day-break I had the pleasure of wishing my fellow-travellers a merry Christmas. Our prospect of a Christmas dinner made us laugh, for you must know that in the downfall of the coach we sustained a grievous loss. Our travelling soup had come all the way from Bamonde, slung under the carriage in a pitcher; and at every stage we had a new edition, with additions and improvements. You may smile at our loss, but when

Faint and wearily

The way-worn traveller

Treads the mazes to the mountain's top,

a warm dish of soup in a cold day, was a serious thing to lose. Homer says, "A good dinner is no bad thing." Our road lay through a fertile valley, till we had passed the town of Benvibre, where we passed by one of the best posadas on the road. We stopped at the village of Torre, a wild and delightful spot, where the wine was not unlike Burgundy. From thence we ascended the mountain to Manzanar. You can scarcely picture to yourself a scene more wild; descents sloping to the mountain, glens covered with shrubs and furze, little streams crossing the road, and rocks on which the grey lizards were basking in great numbers: sometimes we looked over the hills we had ascended to the fertile vale where St. Miguel de las Duenas stands, and the heights beyond by Ponferrada; more frequently the windings of the

mountains bounded our view; it was pleasant, just at the close of evening, to see the lonely posada of Manzanar; a herd of goats were feeding on a green spot near the house, and I cannot tell you what comfortable feelings their sounds excited. We heard the report of a gun near the posada, and were told that the master of the house had fired it at a wolf. We have seen none of these animals, but I have observed a piece of wolf's skin laid on the neck of all the oxen in their carts, since we entered Leon. The loneliness of the road, and the recollections the day excited, suggested the following lines. You will like them, because they simply express natural feelings.

How many a heart is happy at this hour  
 In England! brightly o'er the cheerful hall  
 Flares the heap'd hearth, and friends and kindred meet,  
 And the glad Mother round her festive board  
 Beholds her children, separated long  
 Amid the world's wide way, assembled now,  
 And at the sight Affection lightens up



With smiles, the eye that Age has long bedimm'd.  
 I do remember when I was a child,  
 How my young heart, a stranger then to Care,  
 With transport leap'd upon this holy day,  
 As o'er the house, all gay with evergreens,  
 From friend to friend with eager speed I ran,  
 Bidding a merry Christmas to them all.  
 Those years are past: their pleasures and their pains  
 Are now like yonder convent-crested hill,  
 Which bounds the distant prospect, dimly seen,  
 Yet pictur'd upon Memory's mystic glass,  
 In faint fair hues. A weary traveller now  
 I journey o'er the desert mountain track  
 Of Leon: wilds all drear and comfortless,  
 Where the grey lizards, in the noon-tide sun,  
 Sport on their rocks, and where the goatherd starts,  
 Roused from his midnight sleep, and shakes to hear  
 The wolf's loud yell, and falters as he calls  
 On Saints to save. Hence of the friends I think,  
 Who now perchance remember me, and pour  
 The glass of votive friendship. At the name  
 Will not thy cheek, Beloved! wear the hue  
 Of Love? and in mine EDITH's eye the tear  
 Tremble? I will not wish thee not to weep; . .  
 There is strange pleasure in Affection's tears . .  
 And he who knows not what it is to wake  
 And weep at midnight, is an instrument  
 Of Nature's common work. Yes . . think of me,  
 My EDITH! think . . that travelling far away  
 I do beguile the long and lonely hours

With many a day-dream, picturing scenes as fair,  
 Of peace, and comfort, and domestic joys,  
 As ever to the youthful poet's eye  
 Creative Fancy fashion'd. Think of me,  
 My EDITH! absent from thee, in a land  
 Of strangers! and remember, when thy heart  
 Heaves with the sigh of sorrow, what delight  
 Awaits the moment when the eager voice  
 Of welcome shall that sorrow overpay.

Being a Bristol man, and of course not the worse for a little smoking, I have ventured into the kitchen to warm myself among the muleteers and Maragatos, and prepare our supper. By the bye, the barber's wife sold us the old cock by way of a delicate chicken. We have found that the people will over-reach us if they can, and it is not to be wondered at. He who starves his dog makes a thief of him. Poverty is the mother of crimes. Yet we have experienced much attention and hospitality. My uncle gave a few reales among the carpenter's children, who was making our new axle-tree; and when we departed

this morning, their mother brought us a pig's face, and a lap full of pears.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE BIERZO.

August, 1808.

Few things would give me so much delight as to revisit and travel at leisure over this part of the country, the exceeding beauty of which has left upon my mind impressions never to be effaced. I shall perhaps render some service to future travellers who may have more time and better opportunities at command, if I tell them what there is in this neighbourhood which we left unseen, because we knew not what we lost by the omission.

To the West of Astorga the Asturian mountains send off two great branches, trending from North to South; those in the Eastern range are the Puerto del

Rabanal, the Cruz de Ferro, and Foncebadon ; those in the Western, Puerto del Cebrero, Puerto del Courel, and Puerto del Aguiar ; on the South they meet with the Sierra de Sanabria, the Sierra de Cabrera, and the Montes Aquilianos, or Aguianas, as they are now called. The tract which is thus surrounded with mountains is called the Bierzo, a word corrupted from the *Bergidum Flavium* of Ptolomy. The city which bore that name was at Castro de la Ventosa ; it is a tradition in the country that there was a city there formerly ; traces of the walls may still be discovered there, and the situation agrees with the Itinerary of Antoninus. It is precisely the spot which would be chosen to command the Bierzo, and for this reason Fernando II. and after him his son Alfonso IX. would have re-peopled it, but the domain belonged to the Royal Monastery of Caracedo, and they desisted in consequence of a representation from that quarter.

This Bierzo is the Thebais of Spain. "The multitude of its Sanctuaries, the holiness of its Hermitages, the number of its Anchorites, and of its monks who distinguished themselves by their victories over the world, he only can relate who can count the stars of Heaven;" . . . so Florez expresses himself, betrayed by zeal out of his usual sobriety of language. I would go far to see any place which devotion has sanctified, especially if it had been so sanctified because of its natural tendency to excite devotional feelings.

This amphitheatre is from North to South (computing from summit to summit) about sixteen leagues, and about fourteen from East to West. All its waters, collected into the river Sil, pass into the Val de Orras in Galicia, through a narrow gorge; if that opening were closed, the whole Bierzo would be formed into a prodigious lake. The centre is a plain of about four square leagues, comprized

between the rivers Sil, Cua, and Burbia, and fertile and lovely vallies wind up into the heights beyond. Wine, corn, pulse, flax, pasture, and fruits, are produced here in abundance, though the inhabitants of this delightful region live in a state of contented and idle poverty. The hazel, the chesnut, the pear, the apple, the cherry, the mulberry, and even the olive, grow wild upon the hills. The streams supply plenty of fish; and gold, silver, lead, and iron, are to be found in the mountains.

It is said that these wilds were inhabited by anchorites in the earliest ages of Christianity; but Christianity was not so soon polluted by the philosophy and folly of the East. The certain history of the Bierzo begins with Fructuoso, a saint of royal extraction, who was born about the year 600. His father is called in some Breviaries; Duke of the Bierzo. S. Valerio, the contemporary biographer of his son, says that he was *Dux exercitus*

*Hispaniæ*, and this, as he had extensive pastures in that part of the country, explains the title. Fructuoso in his childhood sometimes accompanied his father here when he came to inspect his flocks and herds; the beauty and the sublimity of these vales and mountains deeply impressed him, and in the silence of his heart he devoted himself to a religious life. This resolution he executed as soon as the death of his parents left him master of himself. He then founded the monastery of Compludo\* as it is now called, by the source

\* Probably because it is dedicated to the Saints Justus and Pastor, the young martyrs of *Complutum*.—Alcala. There exists a charter purporting to be granted by Chindasvindo to this Monastery, which if it be authentic, is the oldest existing deed in that country. It is preserved in the Cathedral at Astorga, to which the Monastery has been united, and Yepes has printed it in the 2d volume of his very valuable work (*Appendix. Escrit. 13*). But its authenticity has been called in question, and Flórez seems to give it up, by saying that certainly it is not written in the Latin of that age.

of the Molina, which rises in the Puerto del Rabanal, and falls into the Sil a little above Ponferrada. His sister's husband applied to the king to prevent him from thus disposing of his property; but Fructuoso upon this stripped the altars, covered them with sackcloth, and betook himself to prayer and fasting: and the speedy death of his brother-in-law was imputed to these means. After this he founded another Monastery, now called S. Pedro de Montes, near the source of the Oza, which rises in the Montes Aguianas, and falls into the Sil below Ponferrada. His next foundation was S. Felix de Visonia, on the river of that name, which rises in the Montes de Aguiar, and falls into the Sil below Frieria; but this was afterwards deserted, and its lands are now a Grange belonging to the Royal Monastery of Carra-cedo.

Meantime his delight was to wander about the mountains, barefooted, and



in a dress of goat-skin. A hunter one day saw him prostrate upon a crag\*, bent his bow at him, and was on the point of loosing the string, when luckily the saint held up his hands in the act of prayer. The fame of his piety soon spread abroad, and those who were in need of spiritual consolation flocked to him: but he having founded his monasteries, established his monks, and disposed of his property, retired into the wilds. Here however he could not be concealed. There were tame daws in one of the convents, which he had probably amused himself by feeding, and these birds used to hover about him, and their clamours indicated where he was to be found. A doe fled to him for shelter from the hunters; in reverence to him they called the dogs off and spared her, and from that time she never forsook

\* His biographer Valerio gives a reason why such places were preferred for devotion, — *juxta duritiam nequitiae cordis mei reperi saxum locum.*

her protector, but lay at his feet, and if at any time he left her, tracked his footsteps and moaned till she had found him. A wicked boy killed this poor animal, and when Fructuoso heard it he was so affected that he threw himself upon the ground, and sought for comfort in prayer. The offender was seized with a fever, very possibly the effect of fear; and Fructuoso has the credit, and propably the merit, of having healed him body and soul.

The system which he established in his monasteries was not thoroughly understood, till Yepes, in the course of his researches for his great work, found at S. Pedro de Arlanza, the Institutions, or Rule of the Saint, in a great manuscript entitled, *Regulæ Patrum*, written by Hereneo, a Priest, in the reign of King Don Ordoño; the date was obliterated, but the only three Ordoños reigned within little more than a century of each other, from the year 850 to 955; it can therefore be little less than nine centuries old.

Fructuoso's Rule is in the main an abstract of S. Benedict's, as might be supposed; but he has made some additions to it under thirteen heads; and these are exceedingly curious. They show that the societies which he organized in some respects resemble those which were afterwards instituted by S. Romualdo as a separate order, and they throw great light upon the monastic history of Spain.

In the Council of Lerida, which was held in 546, mention is made of certain establishments which the Devil had invented, and which were called Monasteries, though in reality they were not so; and the secular clergy are prohibited from giving them this sophistical title, which was only intended to screen them from the jurisdiction of the Bishop. These sophistical Monasteries were not understood till this Rule of S. Fructuoso was discovered, and there they are explained. It appears that they were of two kinds. A parochial priest, when he

wished to secure the whole tythes to himself, and to make his church independent, got it made a Monastery: but these were less mischievous in their consequences than the Domestic Convents, which were formed in this manner. . . . The father of a family, either from real devotion, or because he could not provide for his children in the world in a manner answerable to his rank or his wishes, would turn his house into a Monastery, and make a church in it; he and the male part of the family took orders, and the women put on the veil. These houses were subject to no superior, and followed any Rule they pleased, . . . or rather lived without one. But when the head of the family died then they were broken up, and the property became a subject of litigation. . . . Old writings speak of halves and quarters of monasteries, in terms which never could be explained till this manuscript came to light.

Fructuoso made no distinction of per-

sons in his institutions : the emancipated slave was received as well as the freeman.

Whoever applied for admission was to remain three days and nights at the gate of the convent, expecting his answer ; their patience was to be tried by harsh language, and it was an indispensable preliminary that they must have disposed of all their property. He admitted men and women, young and old, whole families together, . . . even infants in the cradle.

The children were under the care of the *Cellerarius*, and were to be permitted to see their parents whenever they pleased, lest the parents should pine for them. There was more trouble with old men than with children ; seventy years of sin it was thought required a penitence active in proportion as it was likely to be short ; the deeper the mortification had penetrated, the deeper must the surgeon cut for it. They were not therefore to spend day and night in idle garrulity, but be kept

rigorously to their work of repentance; and if after having been seven times admonished they continued incorrigible, they were then to be removed *ad conventus malorum*, which are supposed to be the prisons\* of the Monastery, where they who did not chuse to punish themselves, would have the work effectually performed for them.

The main support of these Convents consisted in their flocks and herds: the *Mayoral*, therefore, or Chief Herdsman, was a person on whom much depended; and one chapter is allotted to him, explaining to the brother on whom this office devolved that it was essentially a work of piety, and reminding him that

\* S. Valerio complains that he was unjustly confined in one of these prisons for three years, where the Devil tormented him with a plague of fleas,—*insuper replevit furens ipsam cellulam inimicus intolerabile et insigne atrociter voratrice pulicum peste; quæ ebibens cruorem, efficeret corpus meum pene totius exangue.*—The Devil continues to keep up his stock in that country.

the Patriarchs of old pursued the same occupation. The Abbots of every district were to meet once a month, join in prayer, and consult together; . . a proof that there were many of these institutions, and that they could not be far apart from each other. They were to eat at the table with the guests of the Monastery, that is, with all travellers. There was a *Præpositus* or Prior, who presided over the temporal concerns of the house, that the Abbot's whole attention might be directed towards spiritual affairs. On Sundays all the brethren were to meet at their respective Convents, for the cœnobite and cremite modes of life were both practised, and thus as it were reconciled. Woe to the unhappy brother who was excommunicated! he was to be confined in a solitary cell, without light, and to have a scanty meal of bread and water once a day only; . . if the excommunication was to continue in force for only two or three

days, he was then to have no food during the whole time.

Followers have never been, and never will be wanting for any new system of religious discipline, however rigorous. It is said that the Bierzo could not hold the disciples who flocked to Fructuoso, and that he was obliged to establish Convents and Reclusions, as they were called, in other parts. . . Such was the effect which he produced on his preaching expeditions, that the governors of Andalusia called upon the King to interfere, or he would soon have no men for his armies, and the whole business of the province would be at a stand. His zeal would inflame the enthusiastic; the free quarters which he offered would tempt the idle, and his authority might be sufficient to keep this motley society in order. But S. Valerio has luckily written some account of himself as well as of his master, and this account shows what a set of wretches were collected there. Valerio represents them as



hypocrites, drunkards, intriguers, thieves, and assassins : he himself was a rogue \*

\* It is a rule with Morales, that the miracles which one Saint relates of another are to be implicitly believed. It is a rule with me, that when a Saint relates them of himself, he is to be set down for a rogue, . . provided they are such as cannot be accounted for by the effect of imagination, but are positive miracles, . . bone-setting, for instance, by word of mouth.

There are some fine specimens of monkish imagination in S. Valerio's works. One Bonellus was in a vision precipitated into the abyss. Thrice he was plunged down a fathomless profound, each resting place serving only to increase his fear, and make the next plunge more terrible. The third brought him to the depths of Hell, *et sic perduxerunt me ante conspectum impiissimi Diaboli. Erat autem terribilis et metuendus, fortissimis vinctus catenis. Et in hujus capitis avis ferrea in similitudinem corvi sedebat ; in qua summitas illius catenarum hærebat.* ' And so they brought me, he says, before the presence of the most impious Devil. He was terrible and greatly to be feared ; he was bound in strong chains, and on his head there sate an iron bird, in the likeness of a raven, holding the top of his chains.' The description of Hell is tremendous.—*Ardebat autem immensus et inenarrabilis ignis, velut pinguis ardens tæda. Et super ignem illum vicinior erat et non satis altum tegimen in similitudinem eramenti,*

of a higher class, . . . and though not cunning enough to pass his life comfortably

*in quo exundans flamma impingebat. Ex illo namque igne, exibat inundans piceus maris, qui immensum occupabat pagum. Quod ebulliens crudeli ac divissimo fervore fluctuabat.* There is some resemblance in this to these powerful lines in Gebir :

Above his head

Phlegethon form'd a fiery firmament ;  
Part were sulphureous clouds involving, part  
Shining like solid ribs of moulted brass ;  
For the fierce element which else aspires  
Higher and higher, and lessens to the sky,  
Below, Earth's adamantine arch rebuffed.

Thus in the Latin Poem—

*At superà Phlegethon sinuaverat ignibus arcum.  
Sulphureis nebulis pars nigrescebat operta,  
Pars, solidis tanquam costis ardescerit æris,  
Fulsit et infremuit ; nam quæ solet altior usque  
Surgere flamma alibi, atque apices attollere cælo,  
Inferiùs flexo tellus adamante coercet.*

Monkish legends would supply a fine commentary upon Dante.

Never did human imagination create a more whimsical and heterogeneous being than the Devil of the Monks. Valerio suffered a most odd sort of persecu-

in such company while he was among them, contrived to become Abbot of S. Pedro de Montes, and to be made a Saint. Fructuoso is a clearer character : he was a man of enthusiastic piety, who devoted his property and himself to what he believed the best method of benefiting mankind ; and that Europe has been in the highest degree benefited by the Benedictines it would be absurd and ungrateful to deny.

How long his institutions subsisted cannot now be ascertained. Situated in this part of the country, they were more likely to be dissolved by internal misconduct, than by the Moorish conquest. At the close of the ninth century S. Genadio

tion from him ; . . . *nam cum ingenti furoris ingressus strepitu multas contra me tentationum adhibuit artes pessimas et incessantes. Denique oranti mihi, aut decumbenti, sedens ad caput, et ex infimis intrancis suis putidissimum indesinenter calidumque naribus meis insufflans fœtorem intolerabilem et horrendum.* Martin Luther beat the Devil at these weapons.

retired to the solitudes which Fructuoso and Valerio had sanctified ; . . every thing had long been deserted ; . . he found S. Pedro de Montes overgrown with thorns, and hidden beneath old trees. He had brought a colony of good Monks with him, and they cleared the woods, restored the building, and planted vineyards and orchards. By the instigation of the Devil, as Genadio believed, he was called away from this retirement to be made Bishop of Astorga ; but after some time he resigned his Bishoprick and returned to the Bierzo. His works and those of Fortis, his successor in the Diocese, still remain : and one of them, the Monastery of Santiago de Peñalva, which Fortis built over the grave of Genadio, is one of those places in the Bierzo which would as richly repay the picturesque traveller, and probably the antiquarian, as it would the pilgrim.

Peñalva is, as its name denotes, a white cliff, so lofty as to give its appellation

to that part of the sierra : . . in winter it is still whiter, being covered with snow. A little river called the River of Silence wells out at its foot. On its bank stands the Monastery, upon a shelf of the mountain, made, says Florez, like a table, by the hand of God. Opposite, in a high rock, are the *Cuevas del Silencio*, the Caves of Silence, . . five natural caverns; they front the east, and all the light they receive is through the entrance, which in each of them is not higher than half the stature of a man; but they are spacious within, sufficiently lofty, and have seats in the rock all round. Here the devouter and elder Monks, veterans in their Catholic warfare, retire at Advent and at Lent. The way to them is but a goat's path, . . hands and knees must be exerted in climbing it, and it is perilous to look back upon the giddy descent : . . it is as tremendous to look up, for immediately above them is a cliff thirty *estados* high. The natives

of these mountains, says Sandoval, believe that great treasures are hidden in these caves, .. but there is no other treasure than the holiness which so many saints have imparted by their acts of penitence. The Monastery is an edifice of great magnificence, with marble columns and a profusion of Mosaic\* work.

Many extraordinary objects occur upon the Sil. This river passes by Mount

\* Genadio's Testament or deed of gift to his different foundations is printed in Yepes. I do not know the names of two of his books, the *Psalterium comicum*, and the *liber Aprynghi*. The imprecation with which he concludes upon all who should break his bequest, goes beyond the ordinary form of imprecations, and is worthy of Ernulphus himself. *Si quis præruptor Princeps, vel Judex, Pontifex, Abbas, Presbyter, Monachus, Clericus, seu Laicus, hoc votum meum infringere, aut immutare voluerit, aut secus quam hæc scriptura continet agere disposuerit, inprimis orbatus hac careat luce, ulcere pessimo divinitus ultus à planta pedis usque ad verticem capitis rivos vulnorum percurrentes madefactus, scaturiens vermibus, terror et horror fiat omnibus risibus, et in futuro cum impiis et sceleratis obrutus tradatur flammis ultatricibus.*

Medulio, the place where the remains of a great native force destroyed themselves in sight of a Roman army, rather than submit to bondage: . . . a noble spirit, of which more instances are to be found in the ancient history of Spain than in that of any other country, and which is not yet extinct in that noble nation. Upon one part of this mountain there are round and lofty fragments of red earth standing up like huge towers, twenty-nine in number. *Las Medulas*, they are called; . . . old writings spell the word *Metaldas*, and thus explain the wonder. The Romans had mines here; and the earth has fallen in, in those parts only which were excavated. Gold is still found in the sands of this river, which Florez will have to be the *Minus* of classical geography, because here, and not upon the Minho, *minium* is found.

Still more remarkable is the *Monte-furado*, or perforated mountain, where the Sil passes for three hundred paces

through an arch in the rock, . . and this passage is so broad and lofty, that fishing boats pass through. Marks of the chisel, it is said, may be traced at both entrances. Florez thinks that if it be a work of art, it was designed for a mine ; but far more probably, that the arch is natural, and man has done nothing more than perhaps in some places to heighten or widen it, or remove a projection of the rock, for the easier passage of boats. A Roman road of prodigious labour is cut in the rock in the opposite mountain, for a league in length, and in some places ten *estados* in depth. From the frequent bends and angles which it makes, it is called *los Codos de Ladoco*, the elbows of Ladoco. There is an inscription upon the rock " Jovi LADICO," and hence the name of the mountain. Another inscription to *Jupiter Ladicus* was found in Galicia. . . The *Mons Sacer* of Justin is supposed to be the *Puerto del Rabanal*, near Ponferrada, and upon this river Sil. It



was forbidden to violate this mountain by digging in it; .. but if a thunder-bolt struck it, and exposed any of the gold which it contained, that might be collected as a gift of the Gods.

There are lakes also in this country. The *Lago de Carracedo*, which belongs to a famous Monastery of that name, is a league in circumference, and of exceeding depth. Many streams fall into it, but it has no outlet, till in the rainy season, when it discharges its waters into the Sil, the Receiver General of all in the district. But probably the finest scenery is to be found upon the Tera, which flows into the district of Sanabria, on the borders of the Bierzo. This river rises near the Portillo de Puertas, upon the mountains which divide Sanabria and the kingdom of Leon from Galicia. Its course is to the South. Two leagues from its source it waters the Vega de Tera, a rich track of pasture upon the mountain, where the merino sheep are

driven; and from thence it falls precipitately into a delightful vale, called *la Cueva*, the Cave. This vale, says Florez, is a little garden, .. a little Paradise, .. walled round on all sides with lofty precipices; the river winds slowly through, and then makes a second fall, and forms the Lake of Sanabria, which is a league in length, about half as wide, and of unfathomable depth, .. that is, of depth which has not yet been fathomed. The Conde de Benavente had a fine house upon a rock in the midst of it, which probably may still exist. The storms to which this Lake is exposed are sometimes dangerous. It belongs to the neighbouring Monastery of S. Martin de Castañeda, which has two other lakes in its domain.

The traveller who has leisure and curiosity will do well to halt at Villafranca and at Ponferrada, and from thence explore this interesting country. This account of it is collected from Morales, Yepes, and Florez.

## LETTER VII.



*Situation of Gil Blas' Cavern. Astorga.  
Bañeza. Puente de Bisana. Bene-  
vente. Castle of the Duke of Ossuna.*

Saturday, Dec. 26.

WE have passed over a bleak and desolate track of barrenness this morning, near the Cavern of Gil Blas. Never was there a more convenient place to be murdered in, and eleven monumental crosses, which I counted within three leagues, justified my opinion of its physiognomy. Here they were evidently erected, where travellers had been murdered by banditti; but it is probable that most of these monuments are for people who have fallen in private quarrels. I infer this from

observing them more frequent in villages than lonely places, and from the furious passions of the Southern Europeans. The dispute that would provoke a blow from an Englishman would instigate an Italian or a Spaniard to murder.

This is the county of the Maragatos\*. A ridge of mountains in Asturias lay to our left, a dreary ridge spotted with snow. When we began to descend we saw the walls and cathedral towers of Astorga in the plain below, and the plains of Castille spreading beyond, like the ocean seen from an eminence.

We stopped two hours at Astorga, †

\* Florez has given a print of a Maragata in his map of the Diocese of Astorga. Their customs, he says, and the other peculiarities of this whole district, would furnish matter for an interesting book.

† Poetry has assigned to this city for its founder, the Armour-bearer of Memnon.

*Venit et Auroræ lacrimis perfusus in orbem*

*Diversum, patrias fugit cum devius oras,*

*Armiger Eoi non felix Memnonis Astur.*

*Sil. Ital. L. 3. V. 332.*

once the capital of Asturias ; but Oviedo holds that rank at present, and this is now a city of Leon. Here I expected to live

The root of the word Astura, the river, from which Asturia the province, Asturica the city, and the Astures the native tribe, derived their names, must be traced to some other source, for there was a town in Italy called Astura, or Astyra, and another in the East. Asturica has been derived from the Keltic, . . *stoer* or *stour*, a river (a name as common with us as *Avon*), and *yc*, a dwelling place. This would make it our Stourton. But Astorga is not upon a river. A brook called Jerga runs about musket-shot to the West, and the little river Tuerto a mile to the East. Astura is probably the same word as Stour ; the Romans have seldom disguised a name so little by euphonizing it : but the Astura is far from Asturica. Florez traces it satisfactorily the Ezla, . *Astura*, *Estola*, *Eztola*, *Exla* ; . . the province was named from the river, the people from the province, the capital from the people. Pliny calls it a magnificent city. It had probably been beautified by Augustus when he ennobled it with the title Augusta, a title which proves that Asturica submitted passively to the yoke when the mountaineers were vindicating their liberty in arms.

*Esp. Sagrada. T. 16. C. 1. 2.*

The fair at Astorga is held Aug. 24.

well. Gil Blas had fared luxuriously at Astorga; we heard of a cook's shop: Manuel was appointed commissioner to examine the state of provisions, and his report was, that we might have half a turkey and a leg of mutton just dressed, for a dollar. If the Queen's birth-day may be put off six months, why might not we keep Christmas-day on the twenty-sixth of December, and dine orthodoxly on Turkey? When these dainties arrived, . . . for the poor bird, Vitellius would have

“ Made the wicked master cook

“ In boiling oil to stand ;”

and for the mutton, I vehemently suspect it to have been the leg of some little ugly, bandy-legged, tough-sinewed turnspit.

The streets of Astorga are paved in ridges ; the castle and the cathedral\* are

\* Morales enumerates among the Relicks here one

well worthy the traveller's observation, the one for its antiquity, the other for its beauty. Over the castle gateway are the figures of a warrior and lion fighting, and escutcheons, supported each by a man and woman in the dress of the times : these should be preserved by the hand of the engraver before they share the same fate as the rest of the building.

The sight of a ruined castle in England, though calling up some melancholy reflections, still reminds us of the improvements of society. God be thanked that the pride of chivalry is extinguished for ever! it is sad to behold

The desert ivy clasp the joyless hearth ;

of St. Christopher's grinders, with a bit of the jaw, weighing twelve pounds. *Cosa monstruosa*, he very naturally calls it, but expresses no suspicion of its authenticity. St Christopher's jaws were not more capacious than poor Ambrosio's swallow : yet was he so truly learned a man, that I must not mention him, even in a jest, without respect and gratitude.

but it is pleasant to remember that the Feudal Tyranny is mellowed down, and that though England incurs all the guilt of war, she feels very few of its horrors. In Spain society is not improved; the halls of Hospitality are desolate, but the haunts of Superstition are multiplying. They are building a new convent by the ruins of the Castle of Astorga. I saw families actually living in holes dug in the Castle wall.

There is a curious Roman piece of bas-relievo in the Cloisters lately dug up. Our posada has glass windows, the first that we have seen, and we procured an excellent wine called Peralta, in flavor not unlike mountain, but superior. This is the only place where we have been able to obtain any thing better than the common country wine since we left Cebraña, except at Lugo, where we found some Malaga.

A saint of this diocese, by name S. Gil de Casayo, had a chapel erected to him



in this neighbourhood about the year 1600, in a curious manner. One Juan Sastre (whose name in English would be John Taylor) of Galende in the district of Sanabria, was totally deaf: he went in pilgrimage to the shrine of S. Gil, who was famous for curing deafness, and returned perfectly restored. After awhile he heard himself called by a voice at the door one night when he was in bed, and upon going out there he beheld a young man in the Benedictine habit, who said to him, Juan, I am Gil de Casayo, and I come to let thee know it is God's will that in acknowledgment for the mercy which he has shown thee through me, thou shouldst build me a chapel by the bridge in the *Prados del Molino*, i. e. the Meadows of the Mill. Juan was not rich enough to obey this command, and did not expect to be believed if he related what had happened; he therefore let the matter pass, till he received a second visit at the same hour, when Gil severely re-

proached him for his ingratitude, and giving no ear to his excuses, took him by the hand, led him to the place which he had chosen, said to him, Here the chapel is to be, . . and then disappeared. Terrified at this, and not chusing to risk the consequence of a third visitation, away went Juan to his Priest, told him the whole, and was by him exhorted to set about the work with all his heart and soul. The first thing was to bespeak an image of the Saint, and when this was made it was placed in a church adjoining his house, while the New Chapel was building, which went on slowly for want of means. Here Juan often visited it with due devotion, till one night the neighbours heard a great uproar there; in they went and the Priest with them, and there they found Juan, looking as if he was wild, sweating profusely, and struggling with the Image. The saint he said had spoken to him, and desired to be carried to the New Chapel; he re-

monstrated, saying that the work was but just begun as it were, and not fit to receive him: but this was of no avail, for the image stepped down from the altar, and was setting off to walk there. Upon this he tried to stop him, and they were contending, he said, when the neighbours came in. The Priest, who is far more likely to have been this fellow's accomplice than his dupe, immediately marshalled the people in procession; they carried the image with all possible solemnity to the unfinished chapel, for nobody could think of suffering him to walk, though he had offered it, ..and the report of this miracle soon procured alms enough to complete the building.

The Catholics have a large class of such miracles as this, equally true in point of fact, and equally palpable. Yet even so truly able and truly learned a man as Florez in our own days, relates this story with implicit faith, and calls the cunning swindler who invented it,

*el bueno de Juan Sastre*, honest Juan Sastre !

The view of Astorga, as we left it, was singular. It has no suburbs, the walls though somewhat ruinous, still surround it, and just without the gate is the *Alameda*, or grove of poplar trees, usually planted as a public walk near the towns in this country.

We proceeded four leagues over a plain to Baneza, and for the first time saw the storks broad nest upon the churches. Here is the best house we have yet found. They have got us a rabbit, and five partridges. On entering this town, as likewise at Astorga, a man came to examine our baggage ; a mode of taking a pesetta without the disgrace of begging, or the danger of robbing.

Sunday, December 27.

Baneza is an old and ugly town with piazzas under its houses. The *Alameda*

is the finest I have yet seen. A cross was suspended from the front of the posada there, like an English sign, and near it a sun in the same manner, underwritten, The house of the sun. They brought us a bill here, and it was very extravagant. Six reales for the rabbits and onions, twenty four for the partridges, two for dressing them, two for the candles, eggs six, bread three, wine ten, beds six, and eight for the use of the house. In Spain however no traveller can be imposed upon, if he chuses to prevent it, by calling for a board with the just price of every article, which, by order of the Government, is kept in every posada. Honey is very dear; I paid a dollar for four pounds in a glass jar, but it is incomparably finer than any I ever tasted before. Our road was very bad; it lay over a fertile and populous plain for three leagues, till we reached the Puente de Bisana. On either side of us lay towns thickly scattered, all of which had once

been fortified. Lapwings, storks, and wild ducks, are in abundance here: he who travels with a gun in this part of the country, never need want provisions. At the bridge of Bisana is a posada miserably furnished with two beds and one solitary chair! Here I saw a man whose breeches were of white sheep-skin, and his gaiters of black with the wool outwards. From hence to Benevente are three leagues and a half of good road. To the right of the Puente de Bisana, we saw a range of caverns dug out of a hill; I fancied them to be the dens of the persecuted natives, Suevi or Goths, and my imagination peopled them with banditti: on enquiry we learnt they were wine vaults. The cellars near Benevente are hollowed in the earth, and the earth from the cavity forms a mound above them, in which the entrance appears like the chimney of a subterraneous dwelling. We passed through a village completely in ruins; the houses and churches

were of mud, the walls only remained, and there was not a single inhabitant.

We arrived at Benevente too late to see the inside of the castle. M. however, had formerly visited it, and I copy his account. " We entered by a gradual ascent which led to a cloister or colonnade of four sides, that looked down into a court where once had been a fountain. We were hence conducted through a Moorish gateway of three semicircular arches, to a large room decorated with bearings, &c. This opened into a gallery of about fifty paces long and twelve wide, ornamented in the most elegant Moorish taste. The front is supported by jasper pillars; the pavement consists of tiles coloured and painted with the escalop or scollop-shell of St. Iago. In the recesses of the wall are Arabic decorations and inscriptions. From hence is an extensive prospect over the fertile vallies of Leon, watered by the Marez and the Ezla. From the wall of the stair-case an arm in

armour supports a lamp. The roof of the chapel represents Stalactydes. In the armory are old musquets, where the trigger brought the match round to the pan." The castle belongs to the Duke of Osuna. Benevente must be a place of considerable trade, for when M. was last here he counted above fifty carts in the market place, chiefly laden with grain.

In the corner of this room are placed two trestles; four planks are laid across these, and support a straw-stuffed mattress of immense thickness: over this is another as disproportionately thin, and this is my bed. The seat of my chair is as high as the table I write upon. A lamp hangs upon the door. Above us are bare timbers; for as yet I have seen no ceilings in Spain. The flooring is tiled. Such are the comfortable accommodations we meet with after travelling from the rising to the setting sun. We have, however, a brazier here, the first I have seen since our departure from Coruña.



Of the people, extreme filth and deplorable ignorance are the most prominent characteristics; yet there is a civility in the peasantry which Englishmen do not possess; and I feel a pleasure when the passenger accosts me with the usual benediction, "God be with you."

There is a mud wall round the town. Here I first saw people dancing in the streets with castanets. Our landlady told us there was an English merchant in the house, his name Don Francisco; and this proved to be a German pedlar, with a ring on every finger. Some of the churches here are fine specimens of early Saxon architecture. In the church wall are two crosses, composed of human skulls, with thigh bones for the pedestal, fixed on a black ground.

The river Ezla, where we passed it, a little below Benevente, is a clear, deep, tranquil stream. I drank of its water, and found it excellent. It is the scene of one of the prettiest poems in the lan-

guage, by George of Montemayor. After a year's absence a shepherd returns to his mistress, on the banks of the Ezla, and finds her married. In this state he lays him down on the shore, and addresses these lines to a lock of her hair.

CABELLOS, quanta mudanza

He visto despues que os vi,

Y quam mal parescey ay

Essa color de esperanza.

Bien pensava yo cabellos,

(Aunque con algun temor)

Que no fuera otro pastor

Digno de ver se cabe ellos.

Ay cabellos, quantos dias

La mi Diana mirava,

Si os trayo, o si os dexava,

Y otras cien mil miñerías;

Y quantas vezes ilorando

(Ay lagrimas engañosas)

Pedia celos de cosas

De que yo estava burlando.

Los ojos que me matavan,

Dezi dorados cabellos,

Que culpa tuve en creellos,  
 Pues ellos me aseguravan ?  
 No viste vos que algun dia,  
 Mil lagrimas derramava,  
 Hasta que yo le jurava,  
 Que sus palabras creya ?

Quien vio tanta hermosura  
 En tan mudable sujeto ?  
 Y en amador tan perfecto,  
 Quien vio tanta desventura ?  
 O cabellos no os correys,  
 Por venir de ado venistes,  
 Viendo me como me visteis  
 En ver me como me veys.

Sobre el arena sentada  
 De aquel rio la vi yo  
 Do con el dedo escrivio,  
 Antes muerta que mudada.  
 Mira el Amor lo que ordena,  
 Que os viene hazer creer,  
 Cosas dichas por muger  
 Y escriptas en el arena.

\* AH me ! thou Relic of that faithless fair !  
 Sad changes have I suffered since that day

---

\* The first stanza of the original, alludes to a Spanish peculiarity. The hair of Diana was kept in green silk.

When, in this valley, from her long loose hair  
I bore thee, Relic of my Love! away.

---

Sad changes have I suffered since that day,  
When here reclining on this grassy slope,  
I bore thee, Relic of my Love! away,  
And faded are thy tints, green hue of Hope!

The love-language of colours is given at large in the following extract from the "*Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Granada*."

"Mudava trages y vestidos conforme la passion que sentia. Unas vezes vestia negro solo, otras vezes negro y pardo, otras de morado y blanco por mostrar su fe; lo pardo y negro por mostrar su trabajo. Otras vezes vestia azul mostrando divisa de rabiosos celos, otras de verde por significar su esperanza; otras vezes de amarillo por mostrar desconfianza, y el dia que hablava con su Zayda se ponia de encarnado y blanco, señal de alegria y contento."

"Zayde altered his dress according to the emotions he felt. Sometimes he wore black alone, sometimes black and grey. At other times he was in purple and white, to shew his constancy; or black and grey, to express his grief; sometimes in blue, denoting that he was tormented by jealousy; sometimes in green, to signify hope; sometimes he was in yellow, to show doubt; and on the day on which he spoke to Zayda, he clad himself in red and white, to express his joy and satisfaction."

The annexed poem, by Augustin de Salazar y Torres, is upon the same subject.

Well did I then believe DIANA's truth,  
 For soon true Love each jealous care represses ;  
 And fondly thought that never other youth  
 Should wanton with the Maiden's unbound tresses.

Here on the cold clear Ezla's breezy side,  
 My hand amid her ringlets wont to rove,  
 She proffer'd now the lock, and now denied,  
 With all the baby playfulness of love.  
 Here the false Maid, with many an artful tear,  
 Made me each rising thought of doubt discover,  
 And vow'd and wept, till Hope had ceas'd to fear,  
 Ah me ! beguiling like a child her lover.

Witness thou how that fondest falsest fair  
 Has sigh'd and wept on Ezla's shelter'd shore,  
 And vow'd eternal truth, and made me swear,  
 My heart no jealousy should harbour more.  
 Ah ! tell me ! could I but believe those eyes ?  
 Those lovely eyes with tears my cheek bedewing,  
 When the mute eloquence of tears and sighs  
 I felt, and trusted, and embraced my ruin.

So false and yet so fair ! so fair a mien  
 Veiling so false a mind who ever knew ?  
 So true and yet so wretched ! who has seen  
 A man like me, so wretched and so true ?  
 Fly from me on the wind, for you have seen  
 How kind she was, how lov'd by her you knew me,  
 Fly, fly vain witness what I once have been,  
 Nor dare, all wretched as I am, to view me !

One evening on the river's pleasant strand;  
 The Maid too well beloved sat with me,  
 And with her finger traced upon the sand,  
 "Death for DIANA . . not Inconstancy!"  
 And LOVE beheld us from his secret stand,  
 And mark'd his triumph, laughing to behold me,  
 To see me trust a writing traced in sand,  
 To see me credit what a woman told me!



*Escribe à una Dama le significacion de los colores.*

### SEGUIDILLAS.

Soberana hermosura,  
 cuyos luzeros  
 solo han sido imitados  
 de vuestro espejo.

Cierto Coro de Ninfas,  
 que son los Astros,  
 que por la quenta viven]  
 de vuestros rayos;

Porque segun se sabe  
 de las Esferas,  
 el Sol parte sus luzes  
 con las Estrellas.

Un coro, en fin, de Gracias,  
 pues oy es cierto  
 conocer, que las Gracias  
 sirven à Venus.

Oy mudando de estilo,  
 contra Palacio,  
 se dexan los chapines,  
 por los zapatos.

Con colores distintos  
 su Amor componen,  
 que oy Amor, aunque ciego,  
 juzga colores.

Es el azul y blanco  
 fee con firmeza ;  
 que no tienen los zelos  
 color tan bella.

Dominio signica  
 color pagizo,  
 y aun amor, porque en todo  
 tiene dominio.

Es el color de fuego  
 llama, y firmeza,  
 que es incendio en la fragua  
 de cierta Herrera.

·Siguese el verde al fuego,  
que es pena alegre,  
para que entre lo roxo  
busquen lo verde.

Es encarnado y blanco  
triunfo en lo bello,  
y en vos el que era triunfo  
sera trofeo.

El verdegal señala  
dolor amando,  
con que no ay mas remedio,  
que hazerle lazos.

Es rendimiento firme  
la cinta blanca ;  
mucho es. que una colonia  
retrate una alma.

Poder, amor, y honra  
es el dorada,  
y todo en vuestros rizos  
puede alcancarlo.

Mas aunque todos digan  
dichas y premios,  
al color que vos agrada  
solo me atengo.



## THE LOVE-LANGUAGE OF COLOURS.

O Sovereign beauty, you whose charms  
 All other charms surpass,  
 Whose lustre nought can imitate,  
 Except your looking-glass;

A choir of Nymphs, the Planets they  
 Who live but by your light,  
 For well we know the Sun imparts  
 The borrow'd rays of night;

A choir of Graces they, for sure  
 That title they obtain,  
 If they are Graces who attend  
 In Cytherea's train;

These Nymphs by various colours now  
 Their various feelings tell,  
 For Cupid, tho' the boy be blind,  
 Can judge of colours well.

For faith and constancy they blend  
 With white the azure blue,  
 To show the tyranny of power  
 Alone the straw's pale hue.

A constant and an ardent love  
 In fiery tints is seen,  
 And hope that makes affection sweet,  
 Displays itself in green.

The mingled red and white display  
 A love triumphant there,  
 The copper's cankerous verdure speaks  
 Love, envy, and despair.

A faithful and devoted heart,  
 The girdle's circling white,  
 And thus a simple ribband speaks  
 A woman's heart aright.

The hue of burnish'd gold so bright,  
 That emulates the flame,  
 The gay and gorgeous emblem shines,  
 Of power, and love and fame.

O Sovereign beauty, you whose charms  
 To all superiour shine,  
 Whatever colour pleases you,  
 That colour shall be mine.

## LETTER VIII.



*Road to Tordesillas. Juan de Padilla.  
Medina del Campo. Arebalo. Funda  
San Rafael. Guadarama. Approach  
to Madrid.*

TORDESILLAS, Tuesday, Dec. 29.

As we were about to depart from Benevente, we found the Mayoral and his man Julian furiously enraged; the landlord entreating, and Manuel with his baggage in his hand supplicating the angry Muleteers. It was some time before we could ascertain the cause of the disturbance; at last we learnt that the Mayoral and his man had ordered a black pudding for their breakfast, and that while they were elsewhere employed, Manuel had

eaten it. Manuel confessed the eating, proffered the price of the pudding, and pleaded that he had done it for a joke. Nothing, however, could pacify the Muleteers; the joke was too practical; they threw his bundle into the street, and swore he should not ride a step farther. We now began to feel interested in the business, for Mambrino was our right hand, and a Professor of Languages would have been less useful to me. We interceded, but the offended Spaniards were implacable; we insisted that he should proceed, and they peremptorily refused to carry him or his bundle; we argued that we had hired the coach, and might load it how we pleased; they replied that the coach was let to carry us and our baggage only. What could be done? We went to the Corregidor; he was in bed, and we were told he would not rise till ten o'clock. We had no time for delay: it was already seven, and we resolved upon slower

measures. Hitherto we had given the Muleteers their provisions, now they should purchase their own, or forgive Manuel. Poor Manuel trudged by the coach, bearing the burthen of his offence on his shoulders, in the shape of a bundle, which contained his clothes, his barber's stock in trade, and a book of surgery, all his worldly goods. The day was very hot, bitterly did he repent of the black pudding, and sorely complain of the fatigue of his march. However, after dinner we had the satisfaction to see his bundle behind the coach; by the evening, though he was still condemned to walk, their anger had relaxed enough to converse with him, and this morning Manuel was re-seated behind the coach.

The course of the Ezla, on this side of Benevente, has altered much since the bridge was built. It now stands sideways to the current; the stream is strong, and the bridge in ruins. After an execrable stage of five leagues, we reached

Vallalpando to dinner, whose mud walls magnified through a mist, appeared to us like the yet respectable remains of a large fortification. Here we bought two turkies for a dollar. It is a poor and miserable town, and the hostess of our posada was a complete personification of Famine. They build here with very thin bricks, and make the layer of mortar of the same width: there is a new church here built of mud. To Villar de Frades are four leagues farther, by as good a road as may be expected, when it lies over ploughed fields and swamps. Our room is gaily ornamented with German prints of all the Virtues, and the four quarters of the globe. Here is likewise a wax figure of St. Christopher in a glass case. Man is naturally delighted with the wonderful. A story of a giant, or a ghost, delights our infancy, and Valentine and Orson, and the Seven Champions of Christendom, are among the first books that engage the attention of

our opening reason. Perhaps this disposition in the Spaniards may be discovered in their most popular legends. That of St. Christopher is of the old romantic kind. St. Iago and St. Michael are their favourite saints, because the one fought on horseback against the Moors, and the other defeated the Old Dragon in a single combat. Perhaps their singular attachment to the doctrine of the Virgin Mary's purity may be traced to the same source.

We left Villar de Frades at day-break, and have been till six in the evening travelling only five leagues. At Vega del Toro we passed a palace of the Duke of Lirias. We dined at Vega de Valedetrancos, a handsome building, with better plantations round it than I had yet seen. Here the kitchen exhibited to us the novelty of a good chimney. The floor of our room was rubbed over, or rather brown-washed, with clay. There was a print of the Virgin Mary in a tree,

with the Sun upon her head, and the Moon under her feet. A printed paper was hung up, stating that this thesis had been defended at Salamanca, and approved of by that University, in 1794.—“ No sins are so atrocious that the church cannot forgive them !”

Here we ventured upon a sausage, and a precious mixture it was of garlic and anniseed ; literally nothing else ; and this fried in their rancid oil ! The road here is so bad, that when we set out many persons came out of the town to give us their assistance, expecting that some accident must happen. We met large parties of men and women carrying stools and iron bars, as if a whole village was emigrating with all its goods and chattels. There had been a fair at Tordesillas, and they were returning from it. A few of these people insulted us as they passed ; .. the first instance of incivility we have met with. We are now at Tordesillas, where we have found a good



posada, good rooms, good wine, a brazier, and civility. Before it reaches this place, the road is paved, but this suddenly ends, and the carriage goes down a step, somewhat more than a foot deep.

It was here that Joanna, when her dotage had ripened into madness, for so many years watched by the corpse of her husband. It was here too Padilla triumphed, and we have perhaps this day trod over the ground where this Martyr of Freedom suffered. With Padilla expired the liberties of Spain : her despotism, terrible and destructive under Charles and Philip, is now become as despicable abroad for its imbecillity, as it is detestable for its pernicious effects at home. We may hope that in a more enlightened age some new Padilla may arise with better fortune and with more enlarged views ; then, and not till then, will Spain assume her ancient rank in Europe, and perhaps some inscription

like the following may mark the spot where JUAN DE PADILLA died the death of a traitor :

Traveller ! if thou dost bow the supple knee  
 Before Oppression's footstool, hie thee hence !  
 This ground is holy : here PADILLA died,  
**MARTYR** of FREEDOM. But if thou shouldst love  
 Her glorious cause, stand here, and thank thy God  
 That thou dost view the pestilent pomp of power  
 With indignation, that thine honest heart,  
 Feeling a brother's pity for mankind,  
 Rebels against oppression. Not unheard  
 Nor unavailing shall the prayer of praise  
 Ascend ; for loftiest feelings in thy soul  
 Shall rise of thine own nature, such as prompt  
 To deeds of virtue. Relics silver shrined  
 And chaunted mass, will wake within thy breast,  
 Thoughts valueless and cold compared with these.

We crossed the Duero at Tordesillas by a noble bridge. One of the Latin historians says, that the water of this river made the Roman soldiers, who drank of it, melancholy ; and if they drank nothing else, we may believe him. I lost my hat at this place ; 'twas little matter :

it had been injured on the voyage, and sent to be pulchrified by a hatter at Coruña, who sent it home without binding, or lining, or dressing, having washed it, thickened it, altered its shape, and made it good for nothing, all which he did for one pesetta. We proceeded four leagues to Medina del Campo, passing through the halfway town of Ruada. In the streets there are several bridges over the mire for foot passengers, formed of large stones, about eighteen inches high, and two feet asunder, which are left unconnected that carriages may pass. Here we bought some oranges, the first that we have yet seen. This is a great wine country, at present dreary and without verdure; the vineyards give a better appearance to it in other seasons, but a dry gooseberry-bush is a fine piece of timber compared to the vine in winter. The dress of the men is almost universally brown; the female peasantry love gaudier colours, blue and green are common

among them, but they dress more generally in red and yellow. I saw an infant at Astorga, whose cap was shaped like a grenadier's, and made of blue and red plush.

Medina del Campo is in every respect better supplied than any town we have yet entered. There are no less than eighteen convents here! The posada is a very good one: there is a board hung out with this inscription:

Posada nu  
ebo porcav  
alleros.

which is, being spelled into Spanish, Posada nuevo por Cavalleros, so ingeniously do they confound words and letters. Every Spanish inscription and shopboard is an enigma: the letters b and v are continually used instead of each other: there is often no distinction of words, and the skill of the carver and painter is exerted in expressing as many letters by as

few lines as possible ; thus the three letters D E L are written by an E, with the semicircular half of the D applied to its perpendicular line ; the letter M expresses MU, because two of its lines form a V ; and if to its last perpendicular you add the half of an R, the cypher then denotes the first syllable of MURCIA.

This town \* is free from all imposts,

\* Colmenar says, “ this town should be celebrated among Philosophers, because it was here that a Spanish physician, called Gomesius Pereira dared, in the middle of the sixteenth century, to publish a book, on which he had employed the labour of thirty years, and in which he proved that beasts are nothing but machines.”

Of this early Materialist Moreti gives the following account: . . “ George Gomez Pereira, a Spanish physician, who lived in the sixteenth century, was born at Medina del Campo ; he was the first author who durst assert that beasts are only machines, and do not act from reflection.” *N'ont point de sentiment*. . . This doctrine he advanced in 1554, in a book which had cost him the labour of thirty years, and which he entitled Antoniana Margarita, to do honour to the names of his father and mother. He was soon sharply attacked by Miguel de Palacio, a theologian of Salamanca, whom he

and the inhabitants have a right of nominating to all offices civil and ecclesiastical

as sharply answered ; but he formed no sect, and his opinion soon died away. It is pretended that Descartes adopted this opinion from the Spanish physician ; others deny the charge, and say that that philosopher, who read little, had never heard Pereira or his work mentioned : he likewise attacked the original matter of Aristotle, and the opinion of Galen concerning the nature of fevers, in his *Antoniana Margarita*. In 1558 he published another work in folio, entitled, *Nova veraque medicina Christiana ratione comprobata*.

Bayle says that Arriaga, one of the most subtle scholastics in the seventh century, attacked Pereira. For, he argued, as his doctrine denied the Original Matter of Aristotle, it would not permit him to reverence the ashes and reliques of Saints ; for, after their death, none of the matter that belonged to them would remain.

The *Antoniana Margarita* was twice printed in folio. At Medina del Campo, 1554, and at Franckfort, 1610. It was a very rare book in Bayle's time ; but has since been re-published. I possess a copy of the original edition : it has a peculiar mark for denoting quotations, which I do not recollect to have seen elsewhere.

Buffon has, with incomparable absurdity, attempted to account for the œconomy of bees, upon Pereira's principles. *Je me convainquis, que si quelquefois les savans ont*

tic, neither the King or the Pope interfering. The town is, if possible, more offensively filthy than any we have yet seen. The mire in the streets is green with age. They build here with unburnt bricks. A fair is held here, Feb. 16.

We are now three leagues from Medina del Campo, at Artequines, a little village with a good posada, three days journey from Madrid.

Thursday, Dec. 31.

On the road this morning I saw a horse's tail tied up with red ribbands; the tails of the mules and asses are often whimsically decorated. I have seen them generally sheared close the greater part of their length, with a tuft left at the end, and the hair on their rumps cut into stars,

*moins de préjugés que les autres hommes, ils tiennent, en revanche, encore plus fortement à ceux qu'ils ont.—*

J. J. Rousseau.

flowers, or whatever shape best pleased the owner. I have heard of one lady who dyed her lap-dog pink, but know not whether pink dogs were the fashion, or if it was only her own peculiar taste. We passed through Arebalo, a pleasantly situated town, where there are royal granaries, and proceeded to Espinosa, where we dined at one of the worst houses on the road. Here the Host abused his wife for only asking three and a half reales each for pigeons!

To acquire a barren knowledge and gratify a vain curiosity, should neither be the object of travellers, or of those who read their accounts; we should observe foreign customs that we may improve our own\*; so says Father Lafitau: and if my acquirements are to be the

\* Ce n'est pas en effet une vaine curiosité et une connoissance sterile que doivent se proposer les Voyageurs qui donnent des relations au Public, & ceux qui aiment à lire. On ne doit étudier les mœurs que pour former les mœurs." *P. Lafitau sur Mœurs Sauvages.*



comment on this serious text, I must frankly own that the only possible practical knowledge I have yet learnt, is to confirm P.'s theory of the *eatability* of cats, by the custom of this country. In the kitchen at Espinosa, M. remarked to me in Spanish that the cat was a very large one, and Mambrino immediately inquired if we eat cats in England. As you may suppose, an exclamation of surprise was the answer:.. Why, said Mambrino, the night you were at Villafranca we had one for supper that weighed seven pounds.

We entered upon the new road before we reached the village of Labajos. Here we have received the pleasant intelligence that the royal family are going to Seville, and that the Portugeze Court are to meet them on the frontiers.

You will wonder what difference their movements can possibly make to us; for in England, if his Majesty passes you on the road, you say, "There goes the

King,” and there’s an end of it; but here, when the Court think proper to move, all carriages, carts, mules, horses, and asses, are immediately *embargoed*. Thank God, in an Englishman’s Dictionary you can find no explanation of that word.

Know then, that during this *embargo*, all conveyances may be seized for the King’s use at a fixed price, which price is below the common charge; and if any of the King’s Court, or the King’s cooks, or the King’s scullions, want a carriage, and were to find us upon the road, they might take ours, and leave us with our baggage in the high way; at a time when we could procure no vehicle, no beast, no house room, and even no food; for the multitudes that follow the King fill all the houses, and devour all the provisions.

Friday, Jan. 1, 1796.

After travelling four leagues in a fog,

we once more behold the Sun! The mists could not have hidden from us a more uninteresting country than the plains of Castille that we have past; the prospect is now comparatively beautiful; evergreen oaks thickly scattered over the rising ground, bounded by the Guadarama mountains. We proceeded through the little town of Villa Castin, five leagues to the Funda San Rafael, a royal hotel: I do not disgrace the word by applying it to this house; it is situated where the road from Madrid divides, on the right to San Ildefonso, Segovia, and Valladolid, on the left to Coruña. As this house is so near the Escorial, and on the road to San Ildefonso, it is of course frequented by the first people, and I do not imagine that they can find their own palaces more comfortable. We even saw an English grate in one of the rooms. Here we had an excellent bottle of Peralta, of which wine I shall always think it my duty to make honourable

mention. The bottle cost twelve reales ; we called for another, but were told that there was only one more bottle in the house, which the landlord chose to keep for his own drinking, because it was very good.

The hills were now well wooded with pines, and we beheld the clouds sweeping below us. On the summit is a monument : I got upon the pedestal to read the inscription, which was somewhat defaced, when two men on mules came up, the one of whom pulled me down, and turning round his mule attempted to seize me. I was talking to them in my Spanish, and making my meaning more intelligible by the posture of my walking stick, when the carriage appeared at the winding of the road, my uncle and M. came up, and the fellows immediately rode off. All I could understand from them was, that the one called himself an Overseer of the Roads, and wanted to know what I got upon the pedestal for ;

but had this been true, he would not have attempted to seize me, nor would they have departed when my companions approached.

We now peaceably made out the inscription.

FERDINANDVS VI. PATER PATRIÆ  
SVPERATIS MONTIBVS  
VIAM VTRIQVE CASTELLÆ FECIT  
ANNO SAL: 1749.  
REGNI SVI. IV.

The clouds which were passing over us hid the metropolis, which would otherwise have been visible at the distance of eight leagues. As we descended we saw two caravans, who had pitched their waggons for the night on the side of the mountain, and were like Scythians seated round their fire. From the Funda San Rafael to the village of Guadarama, is two leagues. Here we sent Mambrino to look for provisions, and he informed us that as it was a fast day he could not

buy rabbits openly ; but he would bring them home under his cloak ! they are very dear, ten reales the couple.

Saturday.

The landlord at Guadarama attempted to impose upon us, and charge five reales for each bed ; but on my Uncle's insisting that he should put his name to the bill, he took the usual price. We departed very early. The country is well wooded with the prickly oak, and stoney like Galicia, though the stones are in general smaller and less grotesquely piled. The Escorial was on the right ; we met several carriages of the ugliest shapes going there, and among them many sulkies drawn by three mules abreast. As we advanced the country grew less beautiful ; the Guadarama lost its inequalities in distance, and we saw the towers of Madrid. The posadas on the road were occupied, so we turned a little out of it, and dined at Aribaca :

here they took us for Frenchmen from our trowsers ; said they were common in Madrid, and added, that the French made the whole world conform to them.

At Aribaca I saw the laws to which all innkeepers are subject. By one they are obliged to give a daily account to some magistrate of what persons have been in their posada, their names, their conduct, and their conversation. By another, if any man of suspicious appearance walks by the posada, they must inform a magistrate of it, on pain of being made answerable for any mischief he may do ! Some of the women were sitting on the ground and knitting ; others roving with nimble fingers in the heads of the men, and

Working many a Louse's doom,  
Kreepers woe, and Krawlers bane.

Yet we have seen no people so neat in their appearance.

Here is a print of the crucifixion, as

vilely executed as the common alehouse ornaments in England.

We were now only five miles from the great city. The approach to Madrid is very beautiful. The number of towers, the bridge of Segovia, and the palace, give it an appearance of grandeur, which there are no suburbs to destroy, and a fine poplar-planted walk by the river, adds an agreeable variety to the scene. A few scattered and miserable hovels, about a mile or mile and half from the walls, lie immediately in view of the palace, so wretched that some of them are only covered with old blankets and old mats. His Majesty might have more pleasant objects in view, but I know of none that can convey to him such useful meditations.

The most singular and novel appearance to me was that of innumerable women kneeling side by side to wash in the Manzanares, the banks of which for about two miles were covered with linen.



It seemed as though all the inhabitants of Madrid had, like us, just concluded a long journey, and that there had been a general foul-clothes-bag delivery.

We are at the Cruz de Malta, a perfect Paradise, after travelling seventeen days in Spain. To be sure, four planks laid across two iron trustles, are not quite so elegant as an English four-post bedstead, but they are easily kept clean, and to that consideration every other should be sacrificed. At tea they brought us the milk boiling in a tea-pot.

My Uncle has offered to take Manuel on to Lisbon as a servant ; but Manuel is ambitious of being a barber, and wishes to try his fortune in the shaving line at Madrid. His professional pride was not a little gratified when one of the fraternity took us in at St. Miguel de las Duenas ; and as he left the house he asked me with an air of triumph if we had any such Barbers as that Señor in England !

## LETTER IX.

*Madrid. Miscellaneous observations. Royal  
Recreations.*

Madrid, Jan 6, 1796.

ON Monday we were at the Spanish Comedy. There is a stationary table fixed where the door is on the English stage, and (what is a stranger peculiarity) no money is paid going in, but a man comes round and collects it between the acts. Between every act is a kind of operatical farce, a piece of low and gross buffoonery, which constantly gives the lie to their motto—"representing a variety of actions, we recommend virtue to the people:" it is a large and inelegant

theatre, presenting to the eye only a mass of tarnished gilding. So badly was it lighted, that to see the company was impossible. One of the actresses, whose hair was long and curling, wore it combed naturally, without any kind of bandage, and I have seldom seen any head-dress so becoming. The representation began at half past four, and was over at eight.

I have heard a curious specimen of wit from a Spanish comedy. During the absence of a physician, his servants prescribe. A patient has been eating too much *hare*; and they order him to take *greyhound broth*.

Concerning the city and its buildings the manners of the people, their *Tertulas*, and their *Cortejo* system, you will find enough in twenty different authors. What pleases me most is to see the city entirely without suburbs: it is surrounded by a wall, and the moment you get with-

out the gates, the prospect before presents nothing that can possibly remind you of the vicinity of a metropolis. The walking is very unpleasant, as the streets have no flag stones: the general fault of the streets is their narrowness. In one of them it was with difficulty I kept myself so near the wall, as to escape being crushed by a carriage; a friend of M. had a button on his breast torn off by a carriage in the same place: accidents must have been frequent here, for it is called, The Narrow Street of Dangers. *La Calle angusta de los peligros.*

This very unpleasant defect is observable in all the towns we have passed through. It is easily accounted for. All these towns were originally fortified, and houses were crowded together for security within the walls. As the houses are generally high, this likewise keeps them cool, by excluding the sun; and a

Spaniard will not think this convenience overbalanced by the want of a free circulation of air. The senses of a foreigner are immediately offended by dirt and darkness; but the Spaniard does not dislike the one, and he connects the idea of coolness with the other. From the charge of dirt, however, Madrid must now be acquitted, and the grand street, the Calle de Alcalá, is one of the finest in Europe. The Prado (the public walk) crosses it at the bottom, and it is terminated by an avenue of trees, with one of the city gates at the end.

Of Spanish beauty I have heard much, and say little. There is, indeed, a liquid lustre in the full black eye, that most powerfully expresses languid tenderness. But it is in this expression only that very dark eyes are beautiful: you do not distinguish the pupil from the surrounding part, and of course lose all the beauty of its dilatation and contraction. The dress both of men and women is altogether in-

elegant. The old Spanish dress was more convenient and very graceful. They wrap the great cloaks that are now in fashion, in such a manner as to cover the lower half of the face; it was on this account that the law was enacted that interdicts round hats; for as their great hats would hide the other half, every person would walk the streets as in a mask.

We are now in private lodgings, for which we pay twenty-four reales a day. The rooms are painted in the theatrical taste of the country, and would be chearful if we had but a fire-place. You will hardly believe that, though this place is very cold in winter, the Spanish landlords will not suffer a chimney to be built in their houses! They have a proverb to express the calmness and keenness of the air. . . . "The wind will not blow out a candle, but it will kill a man." I have heard that persons who incautiously exposed themselves to the wind, before they were completely drest, have

been deprived of the use of their limbs. The floors here are all covered with matting, and the matting is prodigiously populous in fleas.

This is an unpleasant town; the necessities of life are extravagantly dear; and the comforts are not to be procured. I hear from one who must be well acquainted with the people, that "there is neither friendship, affection, nor virtue, among them!" A woman of rank, during the absence of her husband, has been living at the hotel with another man! and yet she is received into every company. I ought to add, she is not a Spaniard; but in England adultery meets with the infamy it deserves.

All our early impressions tend to prejudice us in favour of Spain. The first novels that we read fill us with high ideas of the grandeur and the dignity of the national character, and in perusing their actions in the new world, we almost fancy them a different race from the rest of man-

kind, as well from the splendour of their exploits, as from the cruelties that sullied them. A little observation soon destroys this favourable prepossession; a great and total alteration in their existing establishments must take place before the dignity of the Spanish character can be restored.

In the middle ages the superiority of the Nobles was not merely titular and external. Learning was known only in the cloister; but in all accomplishments, in all courtesies, and in all feats of arms, from habit and fashion the Aristocracy possessed a real advantage. The pride of ancestry was productive of good \*: want

\* The history of Spain affords one remarkable proof that a long genealogy may be good for something. When the Moorish king was asked why he raised the siege of Xeres (1285) so precipitately, for fear of king Sancho, he replied, I was the first who enthroned the family and race of Barrameda, and honoured it with the royal title and dignity: my enemy derives his descent from more than forty kings, whose memory has great force, and in the combat would cause fear



of opportunity might prevent the heir of an illustrious house from displaying the same heroism that his ancestors had displayed in the cause of their country, but it was disgraceful to degenerate in magnificent hospitality, and in the encouragement of whatever arts existed.

The ancient Nobility of Spain were placed in circumstances peculiarly adapted to form an elevation and haughtiness of character: like the Welsh, they had been driven among their mountains by the invaders; but their efforts were more fortunate, and they recovered their country. They who have struggled without success in the cause of independance, deserve the applause of Posterity, and,

and dread in me, but to him would supply confidence and strength, if we should come to battle. “*Yo fui el primero que entronicé y honré la familia y linage de Barameda con titulo y magestad real; mi enemigo trae descendencia de mas de quarenta Reyes, cuya memoria tiene gran fuerza, y en el combate a mi pusiera temor y espanto, à el dièra atrevimiento y esfuèrzo si llegaramos a las manos.*” Mariana.

to the honour of human nature, Posterity has always bestowed it; but the self applause of the successful is not very remote from arrogance, and this arrogance, uniting with the natural reserve of the Spaniards, produced the characteristic haughtiness of their grandees.

This characteristic exists no longer, and you may form some idea of what the Grandees now are, by a circumstance which happened only this week. A Swiss officer in the English service has been for some time resident at Madrid. It was told him that the Marquis of S\*\*\*, at whose house he was a frequent visitor, had said of him in public that he was a spy of the English ministry, and that no person ought to associate with him. The officer, in company with the friend who had informed him, called upon the Marquis, who received him with his usual civility, and expressed his joy at seeing him. The Swiss charged him with what he had said. He denied it,

and substituted other expressions. . . It is true, said he, I may have said that as you were in the English service, you must of course be in the English interest. "Were those the expressions the Marquis made use of?" said the officer to his informer. The informer repeated what he had heard the Marquis say, and the officer immediately called the Marquis a liar, a scoundrel, and a coward, and beat him. The house was immediately in an uproar; the doors were fastened, and the servants came up with their knives. The Swiss, however, placed his back to the wall, drew his sword, and compelled them to open the doors. The news soon got abroad, and the Marquis has been put under arrest, by order of the Court, to prevent any serious consequences.

We dined the same day at the Ambassador's, in company with the Swiss, and went to the opera afterwards. My uncle, who is well acquainted with the manners

of these countries, observed three men dogging us from the house. They followed us a long way, but left us at last, after looking very earnestly at us. They might have made a disagreeable mistake on the occasion. The officer remained in Madrid three days, and appeared every where in public; he then very prudently decamped.

The king set off on Monday last; his retinue on this journey consists of seven thousand persons! and so vain is his most Catholic Majesty of this parade, that he has actually had a list of his attendants printed on a paper larger than any map or chart you ever saw, and given to all the grandees in favour. We were in hopes of securing a carriage through the Marquis Yrandas's interest. This nobleman during the war was in disgrace, but when pacific principles gained the ascendancy at Court, he was recalled from a kind of banishment at his country seat, and sent to negotiate

the peace, which was afterwards concluded by Yriarte, a brother of the poet, since dead. The intelligence he gives us is very unfavourable to men who are in haste. The Court will not be less than fifteen days on the road with us; no interest can secure us a carriage; and if we can get one to set out, it will probably be taken from us on the way, by some of their retinue; and there is no accommodation at the posadas, for, independant of the common attendants, six hundred people of rank were obliged to lie in the open air the first night; nor can we go a different road without doubling the distance; for were we to attempt to enter Portugal by Ciudad Rodrigo, and the province of Tras os Montes, if the rains which are daily expected should overtake us, the mountain torrents would be impassable.

His majesty's title to the crown of Corsica has been virtually acknowledged here in a singular manner. A Corsican,

in some trifling quarrel concerning a plate at dinner, stabbed a man on Sunday last, and took shelter in the house of the English Ambassador. These things are common here: I never passed through a village without seeing three or four monumental crosses in it; and as it can hardly be supposed that a banditti would attack in an inhabited place, it is fair to conclude that these monuments are for men who have been stabbed in some private quarrel. Their long knives are very convenient. Detection is easily avoided in this country, and conscience soon quieted by the lullaby of absolution!

The old palace of Buen Retiro is converted into a royal porcelain manufactory; the prices are extravagantly high, but they have arrived to great excellence in the manufacture. The false taste of the people is displayed in all the vases I saw there, which, though made from Roman models, are all terminated by por-

celain flowers! In the gardens of his Majesty, who is a great sportsman, and occasionally shoots, high scaffolds are erected in different parts, for his markers to stand upon: here also he amuses himself with a royal recreation, similar to what boys call Bandy in England; he is said to play very well, but as this august personage is ambitious of fame, he is apt to be very angry if he is beaten. Did you ever see two boys try which could bring the other on his knees by bending his fingers back? The King of Spain is very fond of this amusement, for he is remarkably strong: a little time ago there was a Frenchman in great favour with him, because he had strength enough to equal his majesty in all these sports, and sense enough to yield to him. One day, when they were thus employing themselves, the king fancied his antagonist did not exert all his force; and, as his pride was hurt, insisted upon it in such a manner that the Frenchman was obliged to be in

earnest, and brought him to the ground. The king immediately struck him in the face.

Mambrino's account of the cat-eating is confirmed: I was playing with one last night, and the lady told me she was obliged to confine it in the house lest the neighbours should steal and eat it.



## LETTER X.

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*St. Isidro.*

**T**HE patron Saint of Madrid is St. Isidro. Not the Isidore who bore so deep a share in the guilt of \* Ermenigildo's rebellion and intended parricide, but a good, honest day-labourer, who is indebted for his apotheosis to the fables which others have invented for him, not to any roguery of his own.

Paul V. beatified him at the King of Spain's intreaty, and his beatification

\* The history of this hero and martyr of Athanasianism, and of his canonized accomplices, is better related by Robinson, in his Ecclesiastical Researches, than by any other historian.

was celebrated with great splendour. The church of St. Andres was hung with the richest tapestries from the Palace, and the body placed in the midst, upon the triumphal car in which it had been carried in procession. It was in a silver shrine, the offering of the silversmiths. And here what is called a *Certamen Poetico*, a Poetical Contest, was held. Prizes were given by each of the nine Muses, for Poems in his honour of different kinds; and the whole of these Poems were collected and published by Lope de Vega, under the title of *Justa Poetica*, a Poetical Tournament. Lope had an especial devotion to this Saint, and had previously written a Poem containing ten thousand verses upon his life: . . . duller verses he never wrote.

Two of St. Isidro's miracles amused me in prose, and perhaps they may amuse you in rhyme.

## OLD CRISTOVAL'S ADVICE, AND THE REASON WHY HE GAVE IT.

---

If thy debtor be poor, old Christoval cried,  
 Exact not too hardly thy due ;  
 For he who preserves a poor man from want,  
 May preserve him from wickedness too.

If thy neighbour should sin, old Christoval cried,  
 Never, never unmerciful be !  
 For remember it is by the mercy of God  
 That thou art not as wicked as he.

At sixty and seven the hope of heaven  
 Is my comfort, old Christoval cried ;  
 But if God had cut me off in my youth,  
 I might not have gone there when I died.

You shall have the farm, young Christoval,  
 My good master Henrique said ;  
 But a surety provide, in whom I can confide,  
 That duly the rent shall be paid.

I was poor, and I had not a friend upon earth,  
 And I knew not what to say ;  
 We stood by the porch of St. Andrew's church,  
 And it was St. Isidro's day.

Take St. Isidro for my pledge,  
 I ventured to make reply ;  
 The Saint in Heaven may perhaps be my friend,  
 But friendless on earth am I.

We entered the church and came to his grave,  
 And I fell on my bended knee ;  
 I am friendless, holy Isidro,  
 And I venture to call upon thee.

I call upon thee my surety to be,  
 Thou knowest my honest intent ;  
 And if ever I break my plighted word,  
 Let thy vengeance make me repent !

I was idle, the day of payment came on,  
 And I had not the money in store ;  
 I feared the wrath of Isidro,  
 But I feared Henrique more.

On a dark dark night I took my flight  
 And hastily fled away :  
 It chanced that by St Andrew's church  
 The road I had chosen lay,

As I passed the door I thought what I had sworn  
 Upon St. Isidro's day ;  
 And I seemed to fear because he was near,  
 And faster I hastened away .

So all night long I hurried on  
 Pacing full many a mile ; . .  
 I knew not his avenging hand  
 Was on me all the while.

Weary I was, and safe I thought,  
 But when it was day-light,  
 I had I found been running round  
 And round the church all night.

I shook like a palsy and fell on my knees,  
 And for pardon devoutly I prayed :  
 When my Master came up—what Christoval,  
 You are here betimes, he said.

I have been idle good master ! I cried,  
 Good Master, and I have been wrong !  
 And I have been running round the church  
 In penance all night long.

If thou hast been idle, Henrique said,  
 Go home and thy fault amend :  
 I will not oppress thee, Christoval,  
 May the Saint thy labour befriend.

Homeward I went a penitent,  
And I never was idle more ;  
St. Isidro blest my industry,  
As he punished my fault before.

When my debtor was poor, old Christoval said,  
I have never exacted my due ;  
I remembered Henrique was good to me,  
And copied his goodness too.

When my neighbour has sinned, old Christoval said,  
I have ever forgiven his sin,  
For I thought of the night by St. Andrew's church,  
And remembered what I might have been.

## THE WEDDING NIGHT.

Before Isidro's holy shrine  
Hernando knelt and pray'd,  
" Now, blessed Saint, afford thine aid,  
" And make Aldonza mine ;  
" And fifty pieces I will lay,  
" The offering of my Wedding Day,  
" Upon thy holy shrine."

Hernando rose and went his way ;  
Isidro heard his vow ;  
And, when he sued, Aldonza now  
No longer said him nay ;  
For he was young and debonair,  
And sped so well that soon the fair  
Had fix'd the Wedding Day.

The Wedding Day at length is here,  
The day that came so slow ;  
Together to the church they go,  
The youth and maid so dear ;  
And kneeling at the altar now  
Pronounced the mutual marriage vow,  
With lips and heart sincere.

And joy is on Hernando's brow,  
 And joy is in his breast;  
 To him by happiness possest,  
 The past exists not now;  
 And gazing on the wedded maid,  
 The youth forgot Isidro's aid,  
 And thought not of his vow.

The sun descended from the height  
 Of heaven his western way;  
 Amid Hernando's hall so gay,  
 The tapers pour their light;  
 The Wedding Guests, a festive throng,  
 With music and with dance and song,  
 Await the approach of night.

The hours pass by, the night comes on,  
 And from the hall so gay,  
 One by one they drop away,  
 The Wedding Guests; anon  
 The festive hall is emptied quite;  
 But whither on his Wedding Night  
 Is young Hernando gone?

Hernando he had gone away  
 The Wedding Guests before;  
 For he was summon'd to his door  
 By an old man cloth'd in grey,  
 Who bade the Bridegroom follow him;  
 His voice was felt in every limb,  
 And forced them to obey.



The old man he went fast before,  
 And not a word said he,  
 Hernando followed silently,  
 Against his will full sore;  
 For he was dumb, nor power of limb  
 Possess'd, except to follow him,  
 Who still went mute before.

Towards a Church they hasten now,  
 And now the door they reach;  
 The Bridegroom had no power of speech,  
 Cold drops were on his brow;  
 The Church where St. Isidro lay,  
 Hernando knew, and in dismay,  
 He thought upon his vow.

The old man touch'd the door, the door  
 Flew open at his will,  
 And young Hernando followed still  
 The silent man before;  
 The clasp'd doors behind him swung,  
 And thro' the ailes and arches rung  
 The echo of their roar.

Dim tapers, struggling with the gloom,  
 Sepulchral twilight gave:  
 And now to St. Isidro's grave  
 The old man in grey is come.  
 The youth that sacred shrine survey'd,  
 And shook to see no corpse was laid  
 Within that open tomb.

“ Learn thou to pay thy debts aright !”  
Severe the old man said,  
As in the tomb himself he laid;  
“ Nor more of vows make light.”  
The yawning marble clos’d its womb,  
And left Hernando by the tomb,  
To pass his Wedding Night.

## LETTER XI.

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*Queen of Spain. Museum. Fiesta de Novillos. Progress of French Principles.*

Madrid, Jan. 10.

A DUKE of Medina Celi formerly murdered a man, and as the Court would not, or could not, execute so powerful a noble, they obliged the family to dress their pages in black stockings, and always to have a gallows standing before their palace door. The late King permitted them to remove the gallows, but the black stockings still remain, a singular badge of ignominy.

The noble collection of pictures at the palace here gave me high delight. Poetry and Painting are closely allied, but I am

heterodox as to the Trinity of the arts, and reject the co-equality of Music.

While we were at the palace the King sent home a cart-load of horns to ornament it. . . A singular ornament, when the shameless conduct of his wife is the topic of general censure. Malespini, the circumnavigator (whose honourable boast is that he has done no evil on his voyage), has been imprisoned about six weeks, on suspicion of being concerned in a French book, exposing the private life of the Queen. What must that woman be, who is detested for her depravity in a metropolis where the Cortejo system is so universal ! About two years ago the washer-women of Madrid were possessed with a spirit of sedition, and they insulted her Majesty in the streets. . . “ You are wasting your money upon your finery and your gallants, while we are in want of bread ! ”

“ Bold is the task, when subjects grown too wise,

“ Instruct the monarch where his error lies.”

The ringleaders were condemned to perpetual imprisonment. The Queen, however, has never entered Madrid since, and the inhabitants are very apprehensive that upon this journey they may fix their Court elsewhere. When it is said that this metropolis is in the centre of the peninsula, all its advantages are enumerated. In summer the heat is intolerable\*; in winter the cold is very severe; for the soil round the city produces nitre in great abundance, and the Guadarama mountains are covered with snow; so that you have the agreeable alternative of being starved for want of a fire, or suffocated by the fumes of charcoal. It is four hundred miles from the sea, and has no navigable river; indeed, except when swollen by the mountain snows, the Manzanares is so shallow, that if a cockle should attempt to navigate it, he must inevitably run aground.

\* Yet Geronimo de Quintana, the old Historian of Madrid, is bold enough to praise the climate.

The Poets, who have usually praise enough to bestow upon every streamlet and rill, have made this poor river the butt of their mirth, and many a scurvy jest have they passed upon it. The mules of Madrid are said to produce it; but not in the way that Pegasus produced Helicon. Yet a German ambassador, in former times, contrived to compliment it upon its want of water: it was the pleasantest river, he said, in all Europe; for you could drive your coach three or four leagues in the middle of it. As far back as the reign of Juan II. it was projected to bring the Xarama into the Manzanares, just above the bridge of Segovia: a survey was made, the thing was pronounced to be practicable, and would have been begun had it not been for the king's death. When it was afterwards renewed, the interest of those persons who had mills upon the Xarama prevented the attempt. Famous as the waters of the Tagus are, there have been people fanci-

ful enough to send from Toledo to the Manzanares for their drink.

Precious stones have been found in the brooks about Madrid. Morales mentions one, which Jacobo de Trezzo, a Lombard, lapidary to Philip II. had polished. It was as large as two thumb nails; having all the lustre of the diamond, and all its properties, except that it was not so hard; which Jacobo accounted for by saying, Nature meant to make diamonds in Spain, and had strength enough in the quality of the earth to give the brilliancy, but not to harden them.

The Museum is wretchedly managed. Collections of Natural History ought certainly to be open to all who can make any use of them; but here, on certain days every week, the doors are thrown open, and it becomes a raree-show for all the mob of Madrid! This renders it very unpleasant to the decent part of the company; for we were fearful of

leaving something behind us, and still more fearful of taking something away.

In this Museum is the skeleton of a nondescript animal, which appears larger than the elephant\*. The bones are of an extraordinary thickness, even disproportionate to its size; it was dug up a few years back at Buenos Ayres.

Monday, 11th.

Last night I was at a Fiesta de Novillos, a Bullock fight, at which about 15,000 persons were assembled, many of them women, and, indeed, more women of apparent rank than I had seen either at the theatre or the opera. In this very rational recreation, the bullocks are only teased, and as their horns are tipped, the men only get bruised. A bullock was led into the area, and the heroes amused themselves by provoking him, then run-

\* I find that a description of this skeleton, with an annexed plate, is in the Monthly Magazine for September, 1796.



ning away, and leaping over the boundary. But the two principal heroes were each of them in a basket which came up to his shoulders; this he could lift up from the ground, and move along in it towards the bull; then he sticks a dart in the bull, and pops down in the basket, which the beast knocks down, to the infinite delight of fifteen thousand spectators! Once he tossed the man in the basket, and once he put his horns in at one end, and drove him out at the other. When one bull was done with, some tame cattle were driven in, and he followed them out. Four were thus successively teased; but a more barbarous sport followed. A wild boar was turned in to be baited. Most of the dogs were afraid to attack so formidable an enemy, and the few who had courage enough were dreadfully mangled by his tusks. His boarship remained unhurt, and after maiming every dog who attacked him, was suffered to go to his den. The remainder of the

entertainment consisted in turning in bullocks one at a time among the mob. They provoked the beast, and the beast bruised them ; and I was glad to see that the advantage lay on the side of the most respectable brute.

The national theatres are always crowded, but the Italian opera is very thinly attended. It is a disgrace to Europe that this absurd and abominable amusement should so generally be encouraged; the existence of it depends upon a horrible mutilation of the human species, and whoever frequents an opera-house encourages the crime.

All the children here have their hair tied. The waistcoats are generally laced before instead of being fastened with buttons. In many parts of the country the sleeves of the coat lace on, and there are two openings left, one at the elbow and one at the bend of the arm within. We have frequently seen undressed skins used as sandals. In Leon the soles of the

shoes are wood, and the *upper leathers* made of *hemp*.

Literature is reviving in Spain; the translation of Sallust, by the King's brother, made it fashionable. New editions have been published of their best poets, and the false taste that succeeded to that æra is now generally decried. I saw at Coruña a translation of Adam Smith on the Wealth of Nations. What mutilations it may have undergone I know not, but surely no mutilation can prevent such a work from producing good in Spain. A translation of Miss Lee's Recess is advertised. Works of this nature generate a taste for reading, and till this taste becomes general, it is in vain to expect any beneficial effects from literature.

The Spaniards are most obstinately attached to their old customs. I heard of two men who left a manufactory at Guadalaxara because the Proprietor of it chose to introduce wheelbarrows. "No," they said, "they were Spaniards, and it

was only fit for beasts to draw carriages!" Nor can the most evident improvements prevail upon them to deviate from their usual method. In most of the rooms here the lower half of the wall is paved with tiles like the English fire-places. An Englishman had some of these which formed a picture, but required to be ground at the edges; this the Spanish workmen would not do. "No," they said, it was "*muy impertinente*," very unnecessary.

I met with an Englishman yesterday who has been travelling in the mercantile line through Navarre and Biscay. He told me that he had found it prudent to pass as a Frenchman in those provinces: under that character he received every kindness of hospitality, whereas in his own he would have been insulted, and perhaps personally injured. The case is widely different in Galicia and Leon; but as my informer appeared to know nothing more of French principles than

the common topics of abuse, I could not suspect him of having hastily adopted an opinion which he might wish to be true\*.

If Carlos III. and his successor have neither of them possessed much of the wisdom of Solomon, they have shewn something like his magnificence in their public buildings. The greatest parts of the gates and fountains of this city, which

\* On my return to England I had an American for a fellow passenger, who was in Bilboa when the French took possession of it. Before that event happened, the shops were shut, and provisions very scarce; within six hours after the tricolor flag was hoisted, the shops were all opened, and the markets overflowing. The French soldiers were in general very young; they were completely angry with the Spaniards for continually running away—"Curse the fellows," they cried, "we have been hunting them these six weeks, and can never get sight of them." They behaved with great regularity. The gentleman who gave me this information lost some spoons in the first confusion; this was casually mentioned, and in a few hours the spoons were brought back.

are numerous and very handsome, bear their names. Why is not the elemental costume attended to in fountains? River-Gods and Tritons are in character, and even a Dolphin, ugly as it is, appropriate: but when you see a stream running out of a bear's mouth, what idea can it possibly convey but that the poor beast is labouring under the perpetual operation of Ipecacuanha? A very superb Museum is building in the Prado, and the King has sent an Englishman to South America to gather fossils for it, and specimens of mineralogy.

In the cloisters of the new Franciscan Convent is a very fine series of pictures, representing the whole history of St. Francis, from his cradle to his tomb. A draftsman was employed in copying them while we were there; they deserve to be engraved, both for the real merit of the pieces, and the nature of their subjects. It was somewhat curious to see

human genius employed in perpetuating human absurdity.

To-morrow morning we leave Madrid ; the Court has now preceded us ten days ; they have eaten every thing before them, and we ought to wait for a new generation of fowls and turkies. A journey in Spain is never an agreeable undertaking to look on to ; but however we begin to know the value of bad beds and bad provisions, when we are in danger of getting none. His Majesty travels fast : three of his guards have been killed, and four seriously hurt, by galloping before his coach. They suffered less during the war.

I must not forget to give you a curious proof of Spanish ingenuity. There is a fire-place in one of the apartments of the English ambassador : he had ordered the chimney to be swept, and coming into the room found three masons, with pick-axes, &c. preparing to make a hole in the wall !

Manuel goes on with us to Lisbon. He was taken upon trial by a barber, and kept for three days to hard shaving; at the end of which the man told him he might do very well for Oviedo, but he did not shave in the Madrid fashion! and sent him away without giving him a single maravedi for his labour!

Farewell Madrid! I shall say of thee with the Portugueze poet,

*Quien te quiere, no te sabe;*

*Quien te sabe, no te quiere.*

*Pedro da Costa Perestrello.*

He who likes thee does not know thee;

He who knows thee does not like thee.



## LETTER XII.

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*Departure from Madrid. Naval Carnero.  
Talaveyra de la Reyne. Road to Naval  
Moral.*

Wednesday, Jan. 13.

AT eight o'clock yesterday morning we made our escape from Madrid, and repassed the bridge of Segovia. We travel in a calessa with two mules; a carriage of the same kind, though more elegant in name and less so in appearance than an English buggey. Our larder consists of a large undressed loin of pork, two hams, and a *quieso de puerco*, or pork cheese, which is tolerable brawn. As we follow the Royal Family so close, we were in expectation of excellent roads; but though the roads were smoothed for

them, the multitudes of their retinue have made them infinitely worse than they were before. Two leagues and a half from Madrid is Mostoles. Here we took a cold dinner, and I visited the church, which Dutens speaks of as remarkably elegant. It well repaid my visit; but the most remarkable things there were four mirrors, each with a figure of some heathen deity ground on it. I thought Diana and Mercury odd personages to be pictured in a Catholic chapel.

We crossed a little stream called the Guadarama, by a wooden bridge which had no *Gardefou* till they erected one when his Majesty was expected to pass that way. We past through the town of Naval-carnero, and then turning out of the main road to avoid the returning retinue, concluded our day's journey of seven leagues and a half at the little village of Valmojado. Casambios\* would

\* This place has a fair, Sept. 15.

have been our regular halting-place. The country is very uninteresting, and though well cultivated, thinly peopled. By Naval-carnero is the first olive-yard I have yet seen. The fruit is still on the trees. My nose, though of considerable valour, and now disciplined by a month's residence in Spain, is yet unable to endure the approximation of Joze Serrano, our calassero, who exhales essence of garlic hot from every pore.

The house at Valmojado is very miserable; they had neither a cloth to wipe our hands, nor a blanket to cover us. The woman appeared at least seventy. She told us she was but eight and forty, but added that she had had much hard work in her time.

We travelled two leagues this morning over a well cultivated country, without seeing either tree or house; we then past through a grove of the prickly oaks so universal in this country, and soon afterwards left the two little towns of

Santa Cruz and Chrismunda close on the left. The olive plantations at Santa Cruz and the houses among them, made a lively contrast to the dreary tract we left behind us. Here was a stone cistern for the inhabitants to wash their linen in, supplied from the fountain. On our right lay a noble range of lofty mountains white with snow; the country below them was well wooded and extremely beautiful. We reached Maqueda at one o'clock, five leagues distant from Valmojado, which we did not leave before seven. We travel perhaps somewhat faster now than in our coach and six. Here are the remains of a large castle, and from the eminence on which it stands is a wide prospect over an extensive plain well planted with olives and evergreen oaks. A little brook runs below the castle hill, and there is a very fine Convent about a mile distant.

Leaving this town we saw a monument on a little hill to the right. I went up

to it, and found only a round pillar of brick, without any inscription. The mountains to the right, and the olive trees all over the plain, made the road very pleasing, and it was more lively than usual, for they are now gathering in the olives. We passed through Santa Olalla\*, and made our halt for the night at the village of Bravo, after a journey of eight leagues. The crosses in this part of the country are very small, and made of iron, fastened in a stone pedestal; far less picturesque than the larger ones of stone, or of wood.

We are now going to sit down to pork chops and fried onions, a pretty cool supper! but supper is our grand meal. A cup of chocolate by lamp-light is but a comfortless breakfast, and in the middle of the day we make our halt as short as possible, in order to get in early in the evening. The want of vegetables is

\* There is a fair held here, Aug. 24.

a serious evil. Our food is very heating, and this with the fatigue of travelling occasions a feverish thirst at night.

We are obliged to superintend the cooking ourselves, or these people would scorch the meat to a cinder. Some person asked Mambrino at Madrid, how we lived upon the road? He replied, "Very well, but the Cavaliers eat their meat almost raw."

Thursday 14, Venta de Peralbanegas.

We had gone nearly a mile from Bravo this morning, when the man of the house overtook us with a coat of mine, which had been left behind. The road is bad and over a barren heath, from whence we descended into a large plain, and beheld the towers of Talaveyra de la Reyna, two leagues distant. On the way we crossed the Puente del Alverca\*, a very long bridge, once of

\* Fernan Gomez de Cibdareal, whose curious and

stone, though the greater part is now of wood; the remains of two buried arches are on the bank. We met a mule here whose hair on the rump was cut into the shape of a spread eagle.

This city was the birth-place of Mariana\* the historian; and it was here that Maria of Portugal disgraced a character otherwise excellent by the murder of Leonora de Guzman, the mistress of her dead husband Alfonso XI. To me it is remarkable on another account: it is the only provincial town, except Coruña, where I have seen a bookseller's shop.

valuable letters have been preserved, had nearly lost his life here, before the bridge was built. His mule lay down with him in the water, (a common trick with these animals) and though the stream was not deep, he must have been drowned, if a Monk and his man had not dragged the beast off him, one by the bridle the other by the tail.

\* He speaks of it and describes some of the adjoining scenery very beautifully in the beginning of his work *De Rege*.

I was curious enough to measure at what height from the ground they had hung their looking glasses here: it was nine feet, and as all that I have yet seen are hung equally high, we may acquit the Spanish women of vanity. In a church porch here is a large picture of St. Christopher\*, carrying Christ over

\* There was a man of stature bigge, and bigge withall in minde.  
 For serve he would, yet one than whom he greater none might find.  
 He, hearing that the Emperor was in the world most great,  
 Came to his Court, was entertaynd, and serving him at meate,  
 It chanced the Divell was nam'd, whereat the Emperor him blest;  
 Whereas until he knew the cause, the Pagan would not rest.  
 But when he knew his Lord to fear the Divell his ghostly foe,  
 He left his service, and to seek and serve the Divell did goe:  
 Of Heaven or Hell, God or the Divell, he earst nor heard nor carde,  
 Alone he sought to serve the same that would by none be darde.  
 He met (who soone is met) the Divell, was entertaynd, they walke,  
 Till coming to a crosse, the Divell did fearfully it balke:  
 The Servant, musing, questioned his Master of his feare,  
 One Christ, quoth he, with dread I mind when does a Crosse appeare.  
 Then serve thyself, the Gyant said, that Christ to serve I'll seeke:  
 For him he askt a Hermit, who advised him to be meeke;  
 By which, by Faith, and works of alms would sought-for Christ be  
     found,  
 And how and where to practise these he gave directions sound.  
 Then he that skorned his service late to greatest Potentates,  
 Even at a common ferry now to carry all awaites;



the water, and a Bishop is waiting to receive him on the other bank. This legend reminds me of what I heard of the present King of Spain at Madrid;

Thus doing long, as with a Child he over once did waite,  
Under his loade midway he faints, from sinking hardly staide,  
Admiring how, and asking who, was answered of the Childe,  
As on his shoulders Christ he bore, by being humbly milde,  
So through humilitie his soul to Christ was reconcilde.  
And of his Carriage Christo-fer should thenceforth be his name.

*William Warner.*

They who did not know this curious legend of St. Christopher may be amused with it; they who knew it before were not perhaps acquainted with the manner of an old Poet highly celebrated in his time. Warner, however, has not given the whole of the history.

St. Christopher was of the lineage of the Canaanites, great of stature, and terrible of countenance, being twelve cubits long. The Poet has also omitted the staff with which he is always painted, by which he sustained himself in the water, bearing over all manner of people without ceasing. . . Now it followed on a time as he slept in his lodge, he heard the voyce of a child which called him, and said, Christopher come out, and bear me over the water; then he arose and went out, but found no body. Now when he was come againe into his lodge, he heard the same voyce crying unto him as before, at the which he runs out, but

like the Emperor in the story, whenever he hears the Devil mentioned, he is so terrified that he crosses himself and says his prayers.

findes nobody. Againe the third time being called, he comes forth and there found a childe by the river side, which prayed him to beare him over the water. Then Christopher lifted the childe on his shoulders, and tooke his staffe and entered the water, and the water arose, and swelled up more and more, and the child grew heavier and heavier, and ever as he went further the water swelled up higher, insomuch that Christopher was in danger of drowning: but when he came over, quoth he, thou childe thou hast put me in great perill, and weighest almost as heavie as if I had carried all the world upon my backe. Quoth the childe, thou hast borne all the world upon thy back, and him that created it. I am he in this world whom thou seekest to serve, and for thy better assurance thereof, set thy staffe in the ground, and by to-morrow it shall bud and bring forth fruit; and he did so, and found it accordingly, his staffe bearing flowers and dates; and being thus converted and beleiving himself, he converted thousands, and amongst many other passages of his life was at last beheaded, and his blood there spilt, cured those that were blind.

*A Helpe to Discourse, 1648.*

There are many ruins about Talaveyra; we past one arch so high that a house of the common size, which was built in it, reached only three parts up. The country is highly cultivated about this town. We saw chesnuts and poplars, the first since we left the metropolis. They had cork stools at the posada, and told us the cork grew very near.

In five hours we reached this Venta de Peralbanegas, an execrable place, where our room serves as a passage to an inner one, unluckily occupied by a large party, who will certainly "murder sleep" to night. They are now at supper, and actually all eating out of the frying-pan!

We set off early, and passing through a wood of ever-green oaks, beheld the town and castle of Oropesa, on an eminence to the left. A league before us lay the little town of Torralva, half hid by olive plantations, and the snowy mountains bounded a vast and fertile

plain on our right. Oropesa, with its castle, came full in view as we left Torralva; the castle belongs to the Duke of Alva. A little beyond, half way up the continued hill is Lagartina, and at some distance another small town, both surrounded with olive trees. There are stone enclosures here; the country is well cultivated, and the luxuriant appearance of the corn indicates a strong soil. From the road, which now ran in a strait direction, we beheld the church of La Calzada de Oropesa, the only building of the town then visible, and apparently situated in a grove of olives. As we approached three churches appeared, and the few houses among the trees: to the left were mountains half concealed in mist, and behind us the Castle of Oropesa and a beautiful convent; .. a lovely and delightful scene. To-day has been as hot as fine June weather in England, to my great alarm, lest the Enemy whom I most dread

should come out of their winter quarters and begin the campaign.

We dined at La Calzada de Oropesa. Of the two women at the posada, the one has the most deformed feet I ever saw, and goes barefoot; the other appears to have lost the ball of one eye by an accident, and the socket is half empty and raw-red; yet has this horrible figure a large beauty-spot! The women and children are generally barefoot, which we have not observed before. The red-wine here was excellent; common port is seldom so good.

Naval Moral is four leagues distant. The first part over a barren heath, as wearying to the eye as the roads in Cornwall; the latter through a country well wooded with evergreen oaks, and as we drew near this place, well-watered with small streams: on the left are stony hills, with trees and stone enclosures. Here the scene was very beautiful. The snowy mountains were now faintly tinged

by the evening sun, and we looked over the scattered trees to the tower that marked our place of rest. In Dutens this place is called *Valparadiso*, the Vale of Paradise.

\* \* \* \* \*

Twelve months afterwards I wrote the following lines from the recollections of this day's journey.

JANUARY 15, 1797.

SPAIN! still my mind delights to picture forth  
 Thy scenes that I shall see no more, for there  
 Delightful were my wanderings. Memory's eye  
 Still loves to trace the gentle Minho's course,  
 And catch its winding waters gleaming bright  
 Amid the broken distance. I review  
 Leon's wild wastes and heights precipitous,  
 Seen with strange feelings of admiring dread  
 As the slow mules along the perilous brink  
 Passed patient; and Galicia's giant rocks  
 And mountains clustered with the fruitful pines,  
 Whose heads, dark-foliaged when all else was dim,

Rose e'er the distant eminence distinct,  
 Cresting the evening sky. . . The rain falls thick,  
 And damp and heavy is the unwholesome air ;  
 I by the cheerful hearth remember Spain,  
 And tread with Fancy once again the ways  
 Where, twelve months since, I travelled on and thought  
 Of England and of all my heart held dear,  
 And wish'd *this* day were come. The mists of morn,  
 I well remember, hovered o'er the heath,  
 When with the earliest dawn of day we left  
 The solitary Venta. Soon the Sun  
 Rose in his glory : scattered by the breeze  
 The thin mists roll'd away, and now emerged  
 We saw where Oropesa's castled hill  
 Towered in the dim light dark : and now we past  
 Torralva's quiet huts, and on our way  
 Paus'd frequent, and look'd back, and gazed around,  
 Then journeyed on, and paused, and gazed again.  
 It was a goodly scene. The stately pile  
 Of Oropesa now with all its towers  
 Shone in the sun-beam ; half way up the hill,  
 Embowered in olives, like the abode of Peace,  
 Lay Lagartina ; and the cool fresh gale  
 Bending the young corn on the gradual slope,  
 Play'd o'er its varying verdure. I beheld  
 A Convent near, and my heart thought that they  
 Who did inhabit there were holy men,  
 For, as they looked around them, all they saw  
 Was good.

But, when the purple eve came on,  
 How did the lovely landscape fill my heart!  
 The near ascent arose with little rocks  
 Varied, and trees: the vale was wooded well  
 With oaks now cheerful in their wintry leaves,  
 And ancient cork-trees thro' their wrinkled barks  
 Bursting, and the rich olive \*, underneath  
 Whose blessed shade the green herb greener grows,  
 And fuller is the harvest: many a stream  
 That from the neighbouring hill descended clear  
 Wound vocal thro' the valley: the church tower,  
 Marking the haven near of that day's toil,  
 Rose o'er the wood. But still the charmed eye  
 Dwelt lingering o'er Plasencia's fertile plain,  
 And loved to mark the bordering mountain's snow,  
 Pale purpled as the evening dim decayed.  
 The murmurs of the goat-herds scattered flock  
 Died on the quiet air, and sailing slow  
 The heavy stork sought on the church-tower top  
 His consecrated nest †. Oh pleasant scenes!  
 With deep delight I saw you, yet my heart  
 Sunk in me as the frequent thought would rise  
 That none was there who lov'd me! Often still  
 I think of you, and Memory's mystic power

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\* The olive has the remarkable property of fertilizing the soil it grows on.

† The stork is held sacred in Spain:



Bids me re-live the past ; and I have traced  
 The fleeting visions ere her mystic power  
 Wax weak, and on the feeble eye of Age  
 The faint form'd scenes decay. Befits me now  
 Fix on Futurity the steady ken,  
 And tread with steady step the onward road.

\* \* \* \* \*

They have erected as gay an arch here as the taste of the inhabitants could devise, and their purses afford, with "*Viva Carlos IV. y su real familia*," on the one side, and on the other, "*Naval Moral, 1796*." This is the first symptom of loyalty we have yet seen. We have heard murmurs enough, for the King's journey has impoverished the country. The measure of barley which sold for seventeen quartos before he set out, is now at twenty-four!

There are no candles in this country. A piece of cane cut with holes through it, is suspended from the roof, and from one of these holes the lamp is hung by a hook. We have seen no bolster since we

left England, and alas! we have now bade adieu to the land of blankets!

I observe crosses of white lime daubed upon the houses in the neighbouring towns, and stars painted, such as boys ornament their kites with. All the asses I meet have their noses tied up in a loose net to prevent them from gnawing their saddles. Coarse nets are used behind the carriage to hold the luggage.

The pepper of all this country is red. Apollyon could not find a better kind of nutmeg for a cool tankard of aquafortis.

Garcilasso de la Vega tells us:

*Siempre de nueva leche en el verano,  
Y en el invierno abundo! en mi majada  
La manteca y el queso esta sobrado.*

———— I have new milk  
In summer and in winter, and my cot  
Is well supplied with butter and with cheese.

I wish we had been fortunate enough to meet this gentleman on our journey!

## LETTER XIII.

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*Forest of the Escurial Friars. Royal Travelling. Puente de Almaraz. Xaraizejo. Truxillo. Tale of a Spanish Ærostatator.*

Saturday, Jan. 16.

WE entered into conversation with a countryman this morning, in a forest of ever-green oaks and cork-trees. He told us it belonged to the Friars of the Escurial; "but," said he, "the people here have not ground enough for their cattle; it would be much better to give the Friars land near their own convent, and divide this among the poor in the neighbourhood." These Monks suffer the countrymen to feed their swine here, pay-

ing forty-two reales for each pig's run of two months. This is to eat what acorns fall, for they are not allowed to beat down any ; however the pigs get fat by the bargain as well as the friars. The income of this estate is 200,000 reales, 2,250 pounds sterling. They strip the cork-trees every third year : the trees in general are very old ; we measured one that was supported by props, and found the girth thirty feet. Wolves and wild-boars, the man told us, are numerous here.

The wild boars who inhabit this forest, and the tame swine who are admitted there to board and lodging, have not injured it : even the Monks appear to respect its age and beauty, and satisfied with regularly stripping the bark, suffer the old trees to remain venerably picturesque. But we are now following the Court closely, and never did I witness a more melancholy scene of devastation ! His most Catholic Majesty travels like

the King of the Gypsies: his retinue strip the country, without paying for any thing, sleep in the woods, and burn down the trees. We found many of them yet burning: the hollow of a fine old cork-tree served as a fire-place. The neighbouring trees were destroyed for fuel, and were a brisk wind even now to spring up, the forest might be in flames. Mules, and horses, and asses lie dead along the road, and though they do not cry aloud in our ears against the barbarity of thus destroying them by excessive fatigue, yet they address themselves strongly to another sense. The King is fond of inscriptions. Not a ditch along the road has been bridged without an inscription beginning "*Reinando Carlos IV.*" I feel very much inclined to indulge in a placard upon one of the mutilated old trees. His Majesty's travelling exploits would have furnished an excellent inscription for such a monument of his journey.

Every house which the King has ever honoured by his presence, is distinguished by a chain hung over the door.

Leaving the forest we entered upon a swampy plain, where, as Dutens says, the road became truly detestable. To the left were a Convent and Castle, on the brow of a hill. The snowy mountains now appeared to be behind us, and another immense ridge lay before. It is a stage of three hours and a half to Almaraz, a singular little town, where the houses seem built for pigmies, and the church for Patagonians. There are the ruins of a Castle here, on the left, at the entrance, small but picturesque. Passing through this place we ascended a hill from whence the view backwards over the town and vale was finely bounded by the long snowy sierra. Two soldiers were busy by a brook side, . . one was washing his linen, the other sitting on the bank and mending his cloaths. Less than a league distant runs the Tagus, crossed by a noble

bridge of two arches. On the bridge are the remains of a house ; all we can read of the inscription told us it was made by the city of Plasencia\*, under Charles V. We are now at Venta Nueva, within a quarter of a mile of the bridge ; one of our mules is ill, and here we are detained.

This is a very large house, with very vile accommodations. The covered space through which we enter, where the *Calessa* stands, and where the Carriers sleep among their baggage, is seventy feet by twenty-five. My bedstead is supported by sticks from which the bark has never been stripped. The beds are

\* Ponz gives the inscription and dimensions of the bridge. "Esta puente hizo la ciudad de Plasencia ano de 1552. Reynando en Espana la Magestad Cesarea de Carlos V. Emperador. Fue maestro Pedro de Uria."

One arch is  $150\frac{1}{2}$  wide, and 69 in height ; the other 119.66. The bridge is 580 feet long, and some little more than 25 wide. Like most of the Spanish bridges, this is perfectly flat.

bad, and the Court have dirted all their linen. Here is a print of St. Iago on horseback, most apostolically cleaving down a Turk\*.

\* There is a good hint for inventing a Relick of the True Cross near Almaraz, in the *Historia de N. Señora de Guadalupe*. Toledo, 1597, by Fr. Gabriel de Talavera, the then Prior ; . . a book remarkable among other things for having the ugliest title-page that ever was engraved. Fr. Gabriel says it is written in their records, that the same holy persons, who, in their flight from Seville deposited the miraculous Image of our Lady in the cave at Guadalupe, had with them a famous Relick of the True Cross, which with many other like treasures, they concealed in another hole of the rock near Almaraz, . . *y es bien se dé este aviso, porque si algun tiempo se declarare y descubriere esta riqueza, aya memoria de su principio ; pues acostumbra Dios, quando a su secreto parece, honrar las reliquias ya por la memoria perdida mucho tiempo sepultadas*. It is well, he says, to give this notice, that if at any time this treasure should be discovered, its origin may be known. For God is accustomed, when it seems good to him, to bring Relicks to light, that they may be honoured, after having long been buried in oblivion. . . That there was a mine laid seems pretty clear ; . . whether it has been sprung or not, I do not know.



The King is at Merida to-day, within three days journey. Our Calassero says, he had rather return to Madrid than be embargoed, and wishes to take us two days journey round. The only bye-way however must be by the paths among

Among other curiosities at Guadalupe is an English cannon ball which was fired at the Armada. It had struck one of the soldiers when its force was spent, and he, having previously invoked the protection of this famous Image, brought it home to Spain and deposited it there. Here is also a ball which in like manner struck the great Alboquerque on the breast at the siege of Goa; he had just been splashed with the brains and blood of a soldier close beside him, and called upon Our Lady of Guadalupe. In gratitude for his preservation he bequeathed to her the ball cased in silver, a crucifix set with jewels, and appended to a golden collar, a large silver lamp, and five hundred crowns in money. Another like curiosity is the scorpion which stung Cortes, inclosed in a golden scorpion, the work of a Mexican artist. Both these great conquerors and statesmen, remorseless as they were able, were equally superstitious. They believed in all the mummerly of Popery, and set at nought all the precepts of Christ Jesus.

the mountains, which the smugglers use, where the carriage would probably be broken. Of the two evils embargoing is the least, and we must take our chance.

Sunday, 17th.

Bad wine, beds even worse than usual, no table-cloth, no towel, and a dear reckoning: .. these we found at Venta Nueva. On leaving it we passed a ruin to the right, which by the thickness of the wall seems to have been part of some fortifications: farther on, and on the same side, a fall of water, about forty feet in height; a mill is placed there, so as to catch the water in its mid-way, and a wall built to protect the house; .. altogether a most odd and extraordinary place. We soon began to ascend the mountain of Miravete, an ascent, as Clerk says, long, winding, and difficult, but now no longer dangerous. We were two hours and a quarter in travelling from the Venta to

the summit; the distance I should suppose to be about six miles. One of my predecessors in this journey, Pedro Norberto D'Aucourt, puns upon the name of Miravete. He found the place upon the summit so ill provided with every thing which a traveller wishes to find, that I believe, says he, its name implies *ve e vaite*, . . see, and begone. On the other side lay a wooded wild, and we then entered upon a new kind of road: it lay through a wilderness of broom and heath, and gum cistus, that gave a rich balsamic scent in the heat of the sun: these shrubs grow from five to eight feet in height. The stage to Xaraizejo is three leagues; something more than four hours journey. The hostess here told us that the expences of the King's retinue at her house, amounted to above a thousand reales, of which she had not received one. The poor woman cried as she told us. His Majesty and his retinue have burnt the trees, cut up the roads, dirted the linen,

and devoured the provision. If there had been any game laws in Spain we must have been starved; but luckily game is plenty, and as his Majesty could not destroy this at an hour's notice, we are in no want. They sold us at this place two rabbits, a hare, and four partridges, for a dollar. The violets are in blossom now, and the sun so hot that we met a man riding without coat or waistcoat, his shirt open, and his sleeves tucked up; . . a cool undress for January.

The Altar of the Sacrament (*Ara-de Santissimo Sacramento*), valued at sixty reales, is to be let by auction here. Xaraizejo is a very small town, and its appearance very singular. You enter the main street, which will barely permit a carriage to pass. There are the ruins of a large mansion-house, from which the capital of a pillar, varying from Ionic, is used as a seat in the posada kitchen, and its fellow lies at the door. The mansion which they once adorned, probably be-

longed to the Carvajal family : their *solar* is here ; and this is the birth-place of Doña Luisa de Carvajal y Mendoza, a remarkable woman, who was educated for a saint, and came over to England in the reign of James I. to make proselytes to Popery, in the hope of being herself made a \* martyr. Truxillo is visible on an eminence, five leagues distant from the hill behind the town.

We set off before two, and soon reached what in Clarke's time was a very dangerous pass of a mountain ; now the descent is made less, and perfectly safe. Hence we beheld the opposite hill very well wooded, and a river running between. The bridge we crossed is a very singular one of nine arches ; three first, and then a buttress sloping so gradually as to be left open to the bridge, and form a road to a little island in the stream. In the forest is a palace belonging to the Marquis de Conquista, and we

\* Her Life is placed at the end of the volume.

saw a species of bird, very numerous, which we had never seen before: it is about the size of a blackbird, the head black, the breast buff, and the other parts grey, with a long tail\*.

“ We see the things we aim at,” says Owen Feltham, “ as travellers do towns in hilly countries; we judge them near, at the eye’s end, because we see not the valleys and the brooks that interpose.” The circuitous approach to Truxillo reminded me of his simily. We reached the town about seven; it must have been once a place of considerable strength: Julius † Cæsar is said to have built the castle; and Francisco Pizarro was born here. You know in what light I regard

\* It is pleasant to find one’s own accuracy confirmed by other travellers. D’Aucourt (a Portuguese writer, not a French one) noticed these birds in this very place: he says they are called *Pombos pequenos*, little pigeons, and that they are a species of pigeon.

† It is supposed to be the *Castra Julia* of Pliny; and some writers suppose its present name to be a corruption of *Turris Julia*. A fair is held here, June 2.

them both, and will not be displeased to see the lines which the birth-place of Pizarro suggested to me.

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## INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN *AT TRUXILLO.*

Pizarro here was born : a greater name  
 The list of Glory boasts not. Toil and pain,  
 Famine, and hostile elements, and hosts  
 Embattled, fail'd to check him in his course.  
 Not to be wearied, not to be deterred,  
 Not to be overcome. A mighty realm  
 He over-run, and with relentless arm  
 Slew or enslav'd her unoffending sons,  
 And wealth, and power, and fame, were his rewards.  
 There is another world, beyond the grave,  
 According to their deeds where men are judged.  
 Oh Reader ! if thy daily bread be earn'd  
 By daily labour, yea, however low,  
 However wretched be thy lot assign'd,  
 With grateful and adoring joy, 'Thank HIM  
 Who made thee, that thou art not such as he !

This part of the country is very much infested by banditti. A friend of Ponz counted twenty-eight monumental crosses within a sling's throw, on the Puerto de Serrana, between Plasencia and Truxillo. It was on this road that they carried off some treasure of the King last year; some of this party, however, were taken, and now the soldiery keep the roads clear.

Plasencia, which lies not far to our right, was the memorable retreat where Charles V.\* retired, when experience

\* Cesar Oudin has preserved a curious epitaph on this Emperor :

Hic jacet intus  
 Carolus Quintus;  
 Vos qui transitis per ibi  
 Orate pro sibi,  
 Et si estis mille  
 Orate pro ille,  
 Et dicite bis aut ter  
 Ave Maria & Pater-noster.

Among the Poems of the Conde Villamediana, Juan de Tarsis, is the following Sonnet on the retirement of Charles.



had taught him the vanity of worldly ambition.

Cæsar, despues que a la Francesa gente  
 Quebranto la cerviz nunca domada,  
 Y de la gran Germania rebelada  
 Vitorioso triunfo gloriosamente,  
 Y despues que las armas del Oriente  
 Deshizo como el Sol niebla cerrada,  
 El sacro cetro, y la invencible espada  
 Entrego al hijo con serena frente,  
 Y como el fuerte Alcides, estando  
 Purgado el mundo de mil monstruos fieros  
 Y del fuego qual fenix se alzo a buelo ;  
 Tal el animo heroico despreciando  
 Reinos brevos por reynos verdaderos,  
 Vencedor de si mismo, bolo al cielo.

When the great Charles had' quelled' the Gallic pride,  
 That never conqueror knew till he arose,  
 And in the German fields, then blood-bedied,  
 Victorious triumphed o'er his rebel foes,  
 When he the eastern force had scattered wide,  
 Like morning mists before the rising Lord  
 Of day; he gave contented to his son  
 The sacred sceptre and resistless sword;  
 And with calm courage, and so self-subdued  
 As when Alcides, all his labours done  
 And Earth delivered from her monster brood,  
 Lay phoenix-like amid the flames, he view'd  
 Earth's fleeting powers and crowns with just disdain,  
 And left the world for Heaven's eternal reign.

The inhabitants say that the fertility of the country round Plasencia has been greatly diminished since the great earthquake in 1755. Ponz relates a curious tale of one of the inhabitants, which I will give you with his own introduction.

“ Father Luis de la Cerda, in the sixth book of his Commentaries on Virgil, adds the following account to his note upon ‘ *Ausus se credere Cælo.*’ “ A certain Spaniard had fled to the church asylum at Plasencia, as usual, for fear of the secular power. When he wished to depart, he fitted wings to his shoulders, and from the topmost tower, trusting himself to the air, fled over the whole city, and fell far from the walls, wearied with the agitation of his frame. The place of his fall is now shown, and the eyes of all the Plasencians who beheld the man are witnesses of the fact.”

“ This account was printed and published in 1610, and it is related as a well

known fact, which could not have happened long ago, for the Author appeals to ocular testimony. It is not probable that the penetrating judgment of Father Luis de la Cerda could have been deceived by a fable, and the tradition is still common in Plasencia, although with some little difference in the mode of relating it.

“An old man of sufficient authority, who had collected many ancient papers, told me that this Plasencian Dedalus, in order to make his escape, determined on two things; . . . to eat little, that he might grow light, and that all his food should be birds, which he had brought to him with their feathers on: he then weighed the body of the bird without its plumes, and afterwards the feathers, and comparing the weight of the hen, the partridge, &c. with that of the feathers, he calculated that four ounces of feathers were necessary to support two pounds of flesh: from this calculation he

discovered what weight of feathers were sufficient to support him in the air; and fixing them with a certain cement to his feet, his head, his arms, and all the extremities of his body, he took two wings in his hands as it were to row with: thus fledged he committed himself to the air, and after passing over the city, fell headlong and was dashed to pieces.

“ They who recorded this tale do not relate in what year it happened, what this new bird was called, or in what nest he was hatched.”

The\* country round about Plasencia is described by the Spanish poets, and by their poetical historians, as the Elysian Fields of the ancients; and certain it is that this spot, like almost all other spots in similar situations, is remarkable for its fertility, its varied ground, and its ro-

\* For the remaining part of this letter I am obliged to a friend, of whose knowledge of these countries I wish I could more frequently have availed myself,

mantic and beautiful scenery. Mountains covered with snow during the greatest part of the year, rise to the N. and N. W. of it, and shelter it from the coldest and most tempestuous winds that prevail in this climate. They give it the aspect the most favourable for vegetation, and at the same time furnish it with an abundance of water, and a continual supply of fresh soil: circumstances these which render this favoured little district so infinitely beyond the extensive plains of Castille and Leon in point of fertility. For those plains, though consisting in many parts of a soil naturally very rich, are scarcely capable of cultivation, being from continued rains a perfect slough in winter, and from a want of springs entirely parched up in summer. Travellers in general attribute to the indolence of the Spaniards and Portugueze that neglect of cultivation apparent throughout their respective countries, which is probably the

effect of this natural cause. In every place situated like the district of Plasencia, the land is as highly improved as perhaps in any other part of Europe ; witness the luxuriant state of Valencia in Spain, Colares, Cintra, and the environs of Setuval in Portugal.

A few leagues above Plasencia, near the highest part of that immense chain of mountains which run through Portugal, and precisely where they send off the branch which divides the two Castilles, is a valley three or four miles in length, tremendously deep, and so narrow that it is not wider, a very few parts of it excepted, than the stream which runs through it, and gives it the name of Batuecas. The sun scarcely visits it in winter, and the only place by which it is accessible is where the stream has worked its way out ; in every other part it is closed in by rocks. Where the rains and winter torrents have worn their course from the sides to the bottom of this glen

or valley, frequent chasms are seen, not unlike those which are said to be so fatal to the Chamois hunters in Switzerland. Caves and caverns are in every part formed either by the detached fragments of the mountain, or by the rains washing away the earth from beneath, and leaving the rocks in their original position; and these are found placed in such a variety, and frequently in such regularity of forms, that they appear at a distance the works of art. They are in general rectangular, as perpendicular as the walls of a house, and sometimes so abruptly broken on the summit as to resemble buildings in ruins. One in particular has its towers, its turrets, its buttresses, its arches, its portal, and every circumstance that can impose on you the idea of a Castle, which from its inaccessible situation you must conclude to have been erected there by enchantment. It bears the name of the Sepulchre of Don Sebastian.

Immediately below this castle in the air, and opposite to it, is situated a convent of Carmelite friars, the sole inhabitants of the place. When this convent was founded, the valley, or as it is called, the Desart of Batuecas, was said to be possessed by a people who were heathens, magicians, and spoke a language which none but themselves could understand \*.

\* One of Burton's little books contains an account of some such Savages in our country: 'We may add to these wonders the Gubbings, which is a Scythia within England, and they pure heathens within. This place lieth nigh Brent Tor, on the edge of Dartmoor; it is reported that about two hundred years ago, two strumpets being with child fled thither to hide themselves, to whom certain debauched fellows resorted, and that this was their original. They are a people who live by themselves, exempt from all authority ecclesiastical and civil: they dwell in cottages like swine, being rather holes than houses, having all in common, and multiplied without marriage into many hundreds: their language is the dross of the dregs of the Devonshire speech, and the more learned a man is, the less they can understand him. During our civil wars no soldiers were quartered among them, for fear of being themselves quartered by



The fact is, this secluded spot afforded such a secure retreat for birds and beasts of prey, and all kinds of venomous reptiles, and was so infested by them, that the cattle, sheep, and goats, of the neighbouring villages, were sure to become a prey to some or other of them, whenever by the carelessness of their keepers they were suffered to stray near it. These fellows to screen themselves, invented these stories, which were no sooner made known than generally received and believed. When the public attention was directed to this part of Spain by the retreat of Charles V. and them; their wealth consists of other mens goods, and they live by stealing the sheep on the moor, and vain it is for any to search their houses, being a work beneath the pains of a sheriff and above the power of any constable. Their swiftness is such that they will out-run many horses; they are so healthful that they out-live most men, living in the ignorance of luxury, the extinguisher of life; they hold together like burs, and if you offend one all will revenge his quarrel.

*Admirable Curiosities, Rarities, and Wonders  
in England, p. 49.*

these stories came to be circulated beyond the district where they were invented, the Carmelites, judging it would impress the world with a high idea of the sanctity of their order if they purged this detested spot, ventured to establish themselves in it \*, and to attack the magicians in these their strong holds. As it was their interest however, and as political reasons afterwards made it necessary, that the stories of devils, witches, apparitions, and enchantments should still be believed, they were never called in question till a hundred years afterwards †. And indeed they were notwithstanding so far credited, that Feyjoo, to whom the ladies are so much obliged, was induced even in the present century to take up his pen and ridicule the absurdity of them.

I think I have discovered in this dismal spot, the place where the unfortunate

\* In 1599.

† By P. Thomas Gonzales Manuel of Alberca. 1693.

Sebastian was confined and finished his days.

The name given to the rock in front of the Convent, the stories calculated to deter people from visiting the place, invented in Philip II.'s reign, and not contradicted till a hundred years afterwards, the time \* of founding the Convent, the appearance of D. Sebastian † at Venice, and his consequent imprisonment in Spain, all tend to prove it.

The only circumstance which tends to destroy this hypothesis is, the improbability that the Spaniards should chuse to confine him so near his own kingdom. But this perhaps may be obviated by the difficulty of access, and consequently the difficulty of escape. The entrance, or pass of the desert, was easily guarded, and the approach to the Convent is to this day secured by the river, inclosures, gates, every thing that still gives it the air of a prison; add to this that the fron-

\* 1599.

† 1598.

tier towns of Portugal, not only in the neighbourhood, but throughout the kingdom, were more strictly watched and better guarded than any other.

Should this conjecture be true, it will appear not a little extraordinary that two such personages as Charles V. and Don Sebastian should have inhabited places so near to each other, and almost at the same period of time, which few people, either before or since, have ever thought it worth their while to visit.

Could I fully persuade myself that Don Sebastian lived here, that secluded from the world for a number of years, and those solely spent in acts of devotion, he might have become so far reconciled to his fate, as to give up every idea of reclaiming his rights, partly from the impossibility of succeeding in the attempt, and partly from principles of religion and humanity; I could easily believe an anecdote given by a very grave historian, on the authority of John IV. to be strictly and

literally true: at least the circumstances I have mentioned, and the vicinity of Villa-Viçosa and Batuecas, conspire to render it extremely probable.

John IV. told his favourite, the Duke of Cadaval, that when he was a lad (he was born in 1604), his father, D. Theodosius, second duke of Braganza, had a custom frequently of shutting himself up in a private apartment of his palace, at Villa-Viçosa, and giving strict orders not to be disturbed by any person, or on any pretence whatever: that once he had the curiosity to peep through the key-hole, or crevice of the door, in order to discover what his father upon those occasions could be doing; and to his great surprise he observed him kneeling, whilst a venerable looking old man was sitting before him. “If,” says the historian, “the unfortunate Sebastian escaped from battle, which is not very improbable, this must have been he, conferring with the Duke about the recovery of Portugal; if he did

not, this must have been some saint, that, by divine permission, was suffered to visit him." Which alternative is the most credible?

This fact, related by John IV. the Duke of Cadaval communicated to Caet. de Sousa, and it was published by him in his Hist. Geneal. da Caza Real. Vol. VI. p. 554. It happened when Sebastian, if he were alive, must have been about seventy years of age, and consequently, in figure and appearance, must have very much resembled the person here described.

THE LIFE  
OF  
DONA LUISA DE CARVAJAL  
Y MENDOZA.

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THE following narrative is collected from a volume, entitled *Vida y Virtudes de la Venerable Virgen Doña Luisa de Carvajal y Mendoza, su Jornada a Inglaterra y Sucessos en aquel Reyno. Por el Licenciado Luis Muñoz, Madrid, 1632.* The book is dedicated to Philip IV. In this dedication the author asserts that the late king had made peace with England, for the sake, among other motives, of rendering the name of Catholic less odious in that island by the support of his greatness and the communication of his piety; and that when D. Luisa was moved at the same time by Divine Providence to go to England, he favoured her purpose, assisted her with his liberality, and recommended her to his ambassador.

There is a second dedication, *A la Madre Mariana de San Joseph, Priora del Convento Real de la Encarnacion de la Recoleccion de San Agustin*. Here the author says that, thirty years ago, when he was very young, he had the good fortune to see the face of D. Luisa, which still remained impressed in his memory; his father had introduced him to her, that he might see and speak with her; and his mother, who visited her at Valladolid, and for many years frequented the same church of the Jesuits, often talked of her virtues, and of her journey to England. These recollections induced him, when he had seen the *Librico de sus honras*, which was printed at Seville, to write an Eulogy on her death. There was also an account of her death current at Seville, and he wrote to a devotee of D. Luisa's to procure it for him: this person did not succeed, but informed him that there existed somewhere her life written by her confessor, which, upon farther enquiry was found to be in the *Convento Real de la Encarnacion*. The prioress readily consigned it into his hands, together with seven and thirty depositions, which had been collected by command of the king, in order to procure her canonization. This confessor was an English Jesuit, by name Michael Walpole. It appeared at the end of his summary that he had compiled it from D. Luisa's own papers. She had tied these up and sealed them, and written on the cover these words, both in Spanish and English:—"I desire and enjoin my



companions, that when I die they keep these papers under lock, without breaking the seals. If my confessor be in England they are to be delivered to him; and if not, let them be burnt in the presence of you all, no person reading them, for it is a matter of conscience." The licenciado thought he should not fulfil the duty of a diligent writer, unless he sought for these original documents. Father Henry Pollard (*Polardo*), a countryman and companion of Walpole, had them in his possession at Seville. From him they were with much intreaty procured by means of Father Norton, another English Jesuit, with their original inclosure, and many letters written by her from England to her friends in Spain; and from these papers Luis Muñoz composed his history, preserving as much as possible D. Luisa's own words. The originals, by F. Pollard's consent, were then deposited in the *Convento Real*, where her relicks, as they were already considered, were preserved. Some poems of Luisa's are added at the end of the volume. They are all religious, and usually under the form of pastoral and amorous allegory, but written with a decorum which is not often to be found in such poetry.

D. Luisa was the daughter of D. Francisco de Carvajal y Vargas, and of D. Maria de Mendoza y Pacheco, being allied on both sides to the noblest families of Spain. She was born January 2, 1566, at Xaraizejo in Estremadura, where was the *antiguo solar*, the old fa-

mily seat of the Carvajales. Her baptism was deferred till the 15th, on account, it is supposed, of the inclemency of the season. She laments this in one of her writings, and calls the days which intervened most unhappy ones.

Of her early piety many instances are recorded; among others, that even when an infant she never suffered man to kiss her, not even her own father; defending herself with tears and screams, which are the arms of infancy. As children may as easily be bred up to be saints as to be any thing else, there is more probability in the account of her early dislike to going abroad, and to doors and windows; of her telling tales of the servants; and of her love of going barefoot in cold weather, a propensity explained by her early devotion to the barefooted friars. When she was little more than six years old, her mother caught the plague from the body of a poor person, whose funeral she attended, as was one of her charitable customs. She died, and the father took the infection and died also. A good portion was left to the daughter, with directions that she should be brought up in the house of his relation the Marquesa de Ladrada, till she was ten years old, and then placed in a convent, till she should be old enough to dispose of herself; but her great aunt, D. Maria Chacon took her. This lady was mother to the cardinal-archbishop of Toledo, *Aya*, or governess of the Prince D. Diego, and *Camarera* (lady of the bed-cham-

ber), to the infantas. Upon her death, which took place when Luisa was ten, the child was removed to the house of her maternal uncle, the Marquis de Almazan, to be educated with his daughter. She had an old servant of her parents for *Aya*, who loved her affectionately, and treated her with severity for the good of her soul. When she put her to bed, she always made her cross her arms upon her breast.

This uncle, D. Francisco Hurtado de Mendoza, held the highest employments under the crown. He was a pious man, but his piety was of that kind which is hereditary, like scrofula. His father had been called *El Santo*, the saint, and his sister had sacrificed her life to a useless ostentation of charity. At this time he was appointed Viceroy of Navarre, and his conduct shews how successfully the Jesuits had propagated the methodism of popery. The Viceroy of Navarre, who had been ambassador in Germany, used to employ himself in singing psalms with his family, in disciplining himself with bloody severity, and in weeping at his prayers, till frequent weeping had brought on a defluxion in his eyes. He educated Luisa according to his own notions of the right way; her old governess died, and did not leave her under more reasonable tuition. She made a vow, in imitation of St. Francesco, to do whatever she was adjured to do by the love of God. There was an inconvenience in fulfilling this which she had not foreseen. When she went to church the beggars continued their importunities for

the love of God (*por amor de Dios*), after all her money was gone, and she was not sure whether or not this vow obliged her in that case to give away part of her apparel, as she did one day, a pair of ambered gloves. Her Jesuit confessor, however, limited the meaning of the vow to money. The Marques was well pleased that she should feed one poor person daily from her table; so she exercised the two virtues of charity and self-denial at once, by eating bread and broth herself, and giving away the delicacies which had been prepared for her. He enjoined her to pass at least an hour every day in mental prayer; the time was usually after supper; the place her uncle's oratory; and the ordinary subject of meditation was upon the seven sheddings of the blood of Christ, by the circumcision, the bloody sweat, the scourging, the crown of thorns, the rending off the garments (which must have been put in, to make up the favourite number), the crucifixion, and the piercing his side. This was a fashionable devotionary receipt, and her *Aya* had instructed her in its mysteries. When her Uncle went out, he used to persuade her to stay in the oratory, and lock her up there. He enjoined penances also, not as expiations, for she never needed any, but in imitation of our Saviour and the saints. The Marquesa, who had something of the prevailing humour, would sometimes invite her to fast in honour of the saints, whom she particularly affected. Unfortunately she was a sound sleeper, and found it difficult to

rouse herself for her prayers at dawn ; to remedy this she used to stand with her bare feet upon cold stones, to kneel in the coldest places, and dip her hands and arms in cold water, comforting herself with the thought, that if her attempts after all did not avail as prayer, they would as mortification. Sometimes the Marques, who knew all these things, recommended her to wear cilices. Once when she thought she had seen an apparition, which both the Marques and the biographer conceive to have been the devil, he made her go in the dead of night to the same place, and discipline herself ; and in this manner, from time to time, exposed her to the devil, till she had learnt to defy him. The Marquesa, who had not so far lost all common sense and common feeling as her husband, said these things would bring her to her grave.

A treatise of St. Johannes Climacus upon obedience was her favourite study ; her beloved companion, she called it. Obedience has the same meaning in monastic as in military language, and Luisa was thoroughly disciplined in it. Like Catharine in the play, she assented to whatever her uncle asserted, and obeyed him to the very letter of his commands. He bade her one day withdraw from the *brasero*, or she would burn herself ; she obeyed, and being asked why she had drawn back, said, because she should have burnt herself if she had not : there was no fire in it. One morning when he went out at six, he bade her stay in the orato-

ry till his return ; he was delayed by unforeseen business till four in the afternoon, and Luisa patiently waited there for his appearance, contenting herself when he, somewhat angrily, reproved her folly, with the silent thought that it was an act of obedience.

There was a woman in the family, a great servant of God, she is called, and of sufficient spirit, secrecy, and resolution. This woman was authorised by the Marques, to take upon herself the charge of humbling his niece with mortifications and disciplines, and Luisa was commanded to obey her. The reader will remember, that this is not an ordinary legend full of dreams and miracles ; it is a narrative compiled from Luisa's own papers, and published only fourteen years after her death ; that many of the family of the Marques were then living ; and that all this, so far from being considered as the conduct of a desperate madman, is recorded in praise of his piety and excellent intentions. This incarnate fiend used to take Luisa into the oratory and fasten the doors, order her to strip to the waist, covering only her bosom with a *beatilla*\*, and then kneel before the altar, while she disciplined her with a whip of cat-gut. Sometimes she gave her fifty lashes, sometimes a hundred, sometimes laid on without counting till her shoulders were co-

\* The *Beatilla* was a sort of veil or muffler, which was astened to the coif or hood, and covered the chin and breast. Its name seems to imply that it was worn only by *Beatas*, female devotees.

vered with wounds. When this was over, she made her fall prostrate and kiss her feet. At other times this infernal woman stript her entirely, allowing her nothing but a cloth round the waist, tied her to a pillar in the manner in which Christ is represented, and flogged her from head to foot. Exposed in this manner for sometimes a full hour in the climate of Navarre, her hands were frequently so benumbed with cold that she could not button on her dress. The Marques knew all this, and as if this one tormentor were not enough, set another over her with the same authority. They used to strip her in readiness for the scourge, and lead her about by a cord round her neck, insult her to prove her patience that way, strike her in the face, make her kiss their feet, and lie down that they might set their feet upon her. Such things, the biographer confesses, are recorded like many others in the lives of the saints, rather for our admiration than our example, and the conduct of the Marques was very disputable: the rectitude of his intentions, his great zeal, and above all the happy success which resulted, must be remembered to excuse him.

Yet while the Marques was educating his niece in this extraordinary manner, he did not design her for a nun. It was his wish that she should marry, because he thought the marriage state stood greatly in need of examples of sanctity; but the education which he gave her was such, that any person who had the

smallest taste for it, could not be supposed to think of any other than a heavenly spouse. Luisa decidedly refused to marry; she acknowledged and at the same time regretted that she felt no call to a monastic life, nor any inclination for it; her wish was to live in voluntary poverty, but still to be free. This design she could not execute till after the death of the Marques and his wife, which took place when she was in her 27th year.

At this time it was thought highly unfit that any woman should make a vow of chastity without retiring into a convent. In their own language, the jewel she was to guard deserved such a casket, and required walls, bolts, and bars for its defence. These arguments were used to dissuade her from her purpose, but to no effect. She took a small and inconvenient house at Madrid, in the *Calle de Toledo*, adjoining the Jesuit-College, that she might continue under their spiritual direction; and here she removed with a few female servants after her own heart. What furniture could be dispensed with she dismissed, selling it, and giving the price to the poor, except it could be of any use to the churches, in which case she sent it there. A few beds which she retained at first, she afterwards gave to the hospitals. Her dress was a tunic next the skin, of coarse cloth of six reales, without other shift or mantle, (*manteo*) than a kirtle of the same. Over this a mourning dress like a nun's, of the coarsest black cloth. Her fine hair was cut



short, and her head covered with a coif, to which a coarse *beatilla* was fastened; she had only two of these just to wash and wear; her stockings were grey; her shoes three-soled, her cloak of serge of Ascot. She slept upon planks till infirmities came on her, which it may well be supposed her mode of life insured; then she indulged herself with a canvass mattress stuffed with straw. As it was still expedient for the sake of mortification that she should be subject to somebody, an old Dueña of the Marquesa, one of her companions, was appointed by her Confessor to command her, and almost intolerably rigorous she was, till she thought fit at length to go into a Nunnery.

Family pride was the last feeling which Luisa could subdue; it never made her abstain from performing the meanest and dirtiest offices, nor from courting contempt and insult by her strange and miserable appearance; still she had the feeling, and regretted it as a sin. She went to market herself in her turn, cleaned the house, carried out the filth into the street, and begged at the convent doors. Some of her relations affected not to see her when they past her in the streets; others on the contrary, of the highest rank, visited her, and the Queen once sent for her to court. But in the streets and in the courts of justice, where she was obliged to attend in consequence of a law-suit respecting her property, she was often insulted. One day, as she was going to mass, with the horse-cloth,

which served her as a blanket, thrown over her for a cloak, the boys hooted after her "the Mother of the Witches!" Her discipline was less inhuman than that to which she had been subjected in youth: it was, however, frequent and cruel. She wore bracelets of bristles and a necklace of the same; little chains with points of iron in them round her waist and the fleshy part of her arms; cilices of bristles and clothiers' teazles; a wooden cross with little spikes upon her breast, and another made like a nutmeg-grater, upon her back, large enough to cover her shoulders.

No visions nor apparitions are mentioned in her life, except a very few which are fairly explicable by moonshine and by the vapours. The biographer seems thoroughly honest, and Luisa was a faithful self-historian. The state of body to which she was reduced, may be understood by these circumstances; when she was in her best health, the walls of the chamber appeared to be black as ink as she tried to sleep: she slept miserably ill, and when asleep there fell a *humour upon her heart from her brain*, which made her start up in terror. Her income, in conformity to a vow of poverty which she had made, was disposed of in pious purposes, under the direction of her spiritual guides.

One regular symptom of *hagiomania* (if the word may be allowed) is the desire of martyrdom. Luisa began to experience it about the age of seventeen. Frequent meditations upon

the sufferings of Christ led to this; her favourite day-dream was to imagine that she was enduring torments for the sake of the Catholic faith; and in her state of nerves, the vivid thought of bodily pain thus contemplated, induced a feeling of pleasure. England was usually the theatre of these reveries; there religion was reduced to its state during the primitive church, and the old persecutions were renewed. To England she wished to go, and she wrote at this early age to the famous Nun of Lisbon, *Maria da Visitação*, laying open her heart upon this subject, and requesting her advice. The nun gave no reply, and this the biographer attributes to Providence; that so holy an enterprise might not receive the sanction of an impostor. She wrote also to Fray Luis de Granada . . . the Jeremy Taylor of Spain . . . and referred him for further particulars to the letter which she had written to the nun; the nun did not communicate it as she had been desired, and Luis de Granada pleaded his ignorance in his answer as an excuse for giving no opinion. He was a good man, and common decorum as well as common sense prevented him from encouraging a girl of such rank in so perilous a frenzy.

This project was never laid aside. An account of Campion's execution, sent home by D. Juan de Mendoza, the ambassador in London, renewed it in its original ardour, and this was heightened by the publication of the Life and Martyrdom of Henry Walpole. In this

mood she made a vow that she would seek after martyrdom by every allowable means. It is plain that the Jesuits encouraged her, and not without reason; for it was certain that she would not be put to death, and her real influence would be essentially serviceable to that conspiracy which they were carrying on against the church and the government of England. Whenever any one from the English seminaries, or Jesuit who had been in England, arrived at Madrid, her confessor took him to visit her, that she might hear new particulars of the persecution, and of the sufferings of their brethren. They did not, however, openly advise her to go; on the contrary, they represented all the difficulties of the attempt, and expatiated upon the dangers. P. Luis de la Puente at length told her, he did not dare advise her to the journey, and still less did he dare dissuade her from it. The point of conscience was at length brought to issue; she must either go, or obstinately resist the impulse of God, as if she doubted, that he could bring about great events by feeble instruments. The death of Elizabeth offered a promising opportunity, and just at this juncture also, the long contested lawsuit was decided in her favour. As soon as it was determined, she made over the whole of her property in favour of the English mission, for the purpose of founding a seminary for English novices in Flanders. The donation exceeded 24,000 ducats. She had, at first, reserved a pension of 200 to herself; but of

this she repented almost before the deeds were drawn, and gave up the whole, leaving herself without a *real*. The college was founded at Louvaine, Father Parsons being trustee. She lived to see it produce fruits of martyrdom.

She set off from Valladolid, where the court then happened to be, in the January of 1605. Money in abundance was offered her by the Duquesa del Infantado, and by the Conde de Miranda, the President of Castille; but she would accept none, only taking from the latter the necessary passports. None of her old companions accompanied her. Ines de la Asuncion, to whom she was the most attached, was going: whether her heart failed her or not, she one day required P. Lorenzo de Ponte, a priest of great experience, to examine into her vocation; and he, finding that her motive was love for Luisa, not any zeal for the mission, forbade her to go. To this disappointment Luisa submitted without a murmur, and placed her in a convent. When this life was published, she was one of the exemplary nuns of Spain. Luisa took with her just sufficient money for the journey, a priest of the mass, and two servants from the English seminary, who were young men of known virtue. She travelled on a mule, and suffered much in crossing the mountains in the depth of winter.

She staid ten days in Paris, with the bare-foot Spanish Carmelite Nuns, and from thence proceeded to St. Omer's, where she remained a month in the house of Father Parsons's sister-

in-law. The Jesuits in England were afraid of the consequences which her coming might occasion, she being a woman of such rank, and in infirm health. At length Garnet sent over a woman to accompany her. They landed at Dover, and the next day arrived at the house of a Catholic near the river.

This house was rich in images and relicks, and they had frequent masses celebrated both with vocal and intrumental music; but when she had remained here a month, information came that they were discovered: (the place had been for three years a safe hold for priests) upon this they dispersed; some fled down the river, others struck into the country. Luisa and the women of the family were hurried into a coach, and posted as fast as possible to London: they put up at a poor inn, left her the next morning with a Catholic lady, at whose house she was sure of hearing mass, and advanced into the country themselves. Her wish was to learn the language so as to pass for an Englishwoman, and not be known by the ambassador or any of her countrymen. For some months she was frequently changed about from one Catholic family to another, none liking her company, probably because of the suspicion which she must have occasioned; and though the ladies to whom she was entrusted were rich and of rank, yet she always paid her own expences, *according to the custom of the land.*

Here Luis Muñoz interrupts his narrative

to give an account of the state of religion in England at this time. "England," he says, "was one of the first kingdoms in the world which raised the standard of the cross, there being great reason to believe that Joseph of Arimathea converted the Britons. It can boast of twenty-eight kings who were either confessors or martyrs, and all saints; and sixteen queens, besides many princesses, Mary Stuart being resplendent above the rest. In this glory no country in the world can vie with England. The number of its bishops who are celebrated for sanctity is 132, without reckoning Fisher, perhaps the most learned, vigilant, zealous, and holy prelate of his time, who after long imprisonment bowed down his grey hairs to the axe because he would not acknowledge the king as head of the church. For the same cause Thomas More lost upon the scaffold the holiest and wisest head of any layman in Europe; to his heroic valour England is in great measure indebted for what of the Catholic religion is still preserved there. Of canonised prelates and abbesses there had been 68. The number of other saints cannot be told. There is no other country in the world where so many uncorrupted bodies are found; of this innumerable army one squadron may just be mentioned, that of the eleven thousand virgins, under their captainess, St. Ursula. This England, which had been called, and with good reason, the eldest-born of the church, the kingdom of God, and the dowry of the Virgin,

this happy island had been perverted and ruined by Henry VIII, in consequence of his incestuous passion for Anne Boleyn, his own daughter, begotten in adultery. Under him the country was reduced to a wretched state; under his son it became still worse; Edward permitted all sorts of sects to enter, whereas his father suffered no schismatics, his only aim being to root out the old religion. I cannot," says the author, "touch without tears upon the short happiness of this kingdom while it was governed by our Philip II, the catholic, the prudent, married to queen Mary, the daughter of Henry and Catherine. But this sunshine was soon clouded; Elizabeth succeeded; this worthy child of Anne Boleyn, this impious Jezebel, exceeded the Diocletians, the Neros, and all other persecutors in cruelty. When James came to the throne great hopes were entertained for the catholics, as he was son of the holy Mary Stuart, who had died a martyr; and for this reason the pope wrote to Philip III, exhorting him to make peace with him.

"These hopes were soon disappointed. One of the first measures of James was to order all jesuits and catholic priests out of the kingdom, and to embark and send off all who were in prison. A few months after Luisa came to England it was discovered that six or eight young cavaliers, more influenced by youthful ardour than by prudence, had formed a design to stop with the violent remedy of material fire, that infernal fire which had been so long con-



suming their country. With indiscreet zeal, *which many thought greatness of mind*, they made a mine under the house of parliament, which, had it taken effect, *would have endangered* the person of the king, and the greatest personages and ministers of the realm. It was a received rumour, even among the hereticks themselves, that this plot was originally contrived by the hereticks, for the sake of renewing the persecution; an old artifice this, by which they had blackened the memory of queen Mary of Scotland, and taken away her life. And it is known, that in another conspiracy against king James, which was imputed to the catholics, the leaders were puritans, and among them the notorious hereticks Cobham, Grey, and Walter Raleigh."

This accident of the gunpowder excited such an uproar and alarm that the family with whom Luisa then resided were afraid to keep her longer; and she had no remedy but to write to the P. M. Fray Juan de S. Agustin, confessor to the Spanish ambassador, D. Pedro de Zuniga, requesting him to procure for her some small house near the ambassador's, that she might be under his protection, and attend mass in safety. Pedro behaved to her like a father: he immediately took her into his own house, and there, with two English damsels in her company, she remained a whole year, as if in a hermitage, studying the language. During all this time England was in a wretched state of agitation. Oh the tranquillity of catholic

kingdoms ! Nothing was heard of but mobs, murders, treasons, and wars, and blasphemies against the pope and the church. There was a report that the king was killed, and in these times it was thought so dangerous for such a rumour to go abroad, that by order of council all the gates which separated the streets were fastened, and proclamation made that the king was alive. Many persons advised Luisa to return to Spain, seeing she could do no good in England. The ambassador's confessor urged her strongly to this ; he observed that her desire of martyrdom could not possibly be gratified, as they punished none but natives with death for their religion, and them under a charge of treason : all they could do to her would be to send her back to her own country, or require the ambassador to do it. And, in truth, her example would have more effect at home. These arguments had some weight with her, and at one time she told him it was her intention to return, and take the habit among the Recolet Augustines ; but on farther prayer and self-examination she became convinced that she had no call for this, and that it was the will of God she should continue in England. Fray Juan was at last convinced of this himself ; and he began to conceive that the affliction which she daily endured at beholding the state of religion in England, was the martyrdom to which she was called. The case, however, was submitted by father Creswell to the archbishop of Valencia, and by herself to father

Parsons, and to P. Bartolomé Perez, who was assistant from Spain to the general of the Jesuits at Rome. They all recommended her to follow the impulse of her own feelings, which were from God; and Perez assured her his holiness himself had declared his approbation of her stay in England, and desired it might be made known to her.

In the course of twelve months the agitation of the kingdom had in some degree subsided, and she then took a small house near the ambassador's: it was inclosed within a little court which had a door to the street: there were many houses of this kind in the city. Here she removed with her two companions. The noise of the neighbours much incommoded her, particularly the turning of the wheels by which they roasted whole quarters of beef on Fridays; for on that day, both in private houses and public ones, to which the greater number of people repaired for their meals, you saw meat as publicly eaten as if it had been a nation of Jews or Turks. There was a cross in one of the public streets, which the hereticks had spared from the general destruction because it was a public ornament: to this, whenever she went by, she always knelt. Caricatures of the pope were exposed for sale with a most indecent figure, invented by hatred and error; these she bought when she saw them hanging against the walls, and tore them to pieces: but her confessor enjoined her not to make this public ma-

nifestation of zeal, which could only render her notorious.

Luisa, besides her fearless fanaticism, and the protection which her rank insured her, was in other respects well qualified for a female missionary. She had studied the subject as fairly as one who reads only on one side can be said to have studied it. In Spain she had read some of the Latin fathers and doctors; but her favourite book in England was the *Compendio de la Doctrina Christiana* of Luis de Granada. She had also studied the works of English catholics; what with these stores, an understanding of no ordinary standard, and habits of argument gained from practice, and from the instructions of the Jesuits, it may well be presumed that Luisa was qualified to encourage the doubtful catholic, and puzzle, if not persuade, many protestants. One day she went into Cheapside to buy a cloth for her altar. A young woman stood by the youth who was serving her with the Holland, and Luisa asked him if she was his sister; he replied, "his sister in Christ." Upon this she asked if he was a catholic? and he answered, "God forbid!" "God forbid that you should not!" said Luisa, and upon this they entered into the controversy. The neighbours soon collected: there stood Luisa in the street, leaning her arms in at the open shop, singly maintaining the cause of popery against a crowd; some were angry, some inquisitive, some fond of arguing, all vo-

ciferous. The mistress of the shop cried out that it could not possibly be a woman, but must be a priest in petticoats, and that it was a shame nobody went for a constable.

About a fortnight afterwards, as she was going again through Cheapside, she perceived three persons following her, whom she recognized as having been among the listeners to this dispute. Faith and Anne, two of her companions, were with her, and also an elderly man, whom she bade go home with Faith, thinking that the fewer they were, the less inconvenience there would be; there was however, a constable in waiting at the end of the street, who took the three women into custody. He produced no warrant; Luisa, though she was aware of this informality, made no objection, but bade him do his duty, lest a mob should collect. A respectable tradesman came up, and for courtesy bidding the constable keep behind, accompanied them to the house of the nearest magistrate. This was on a Saturday, about six in the afternoon. They found the justice and his clerk sitting at their desk under a shed in the fore court of his house, for it was summer; he was about three score, and a man of gentle manners. The examination lasted till nine, though only five witnesses were examined. Doña Luisa answered frankly to every interrogation, and declared that her business in England was to follow the example of many saints who had voluntarily forsaken country and kin to suffer poverty in O-

reign lands for the love of Christ. This led to some little conversation concerning religion, in the course of which the justice observed that, according to her own account, she went from shop to shop endeavouring to convert the people to her faith ; she knew that any English person who should do this in Spain would be put to death ; was it not just, then, that Spaniards in England should be treated in the same manner ? All this while the wife and daughters of the justice were coming and going, for the sake of peeping at the prisoners. Luisa's dress was such as might attract observation ; it was a gown and petticoat of her favourite black stuff, half Spanish half Flemish in its fashion, and patched in many places, and a ragged piece of black silk upon her head. Her companions, whose appearance was more respectable, were treated with more respect ; but the whole examination was conducted with great decency, and their pockets were not searched for rosaries, crucifixes, and suchlike things. A crowd gathered round the house ; the report was, that they were priests or friars in disguise ; the justice could not make the people disperse, and would not commit Luisa to prison till they were gone. He therefore went to supper at nine, and left the women in the hall with the clerk, the constable, and some of his servants. The mob did not separate till near midnight : the justice then came down, told her that it was his opinion she should be sent out of the kingdom, and that she must now

go to prison. Luisa besought him not to commit her to the prison which he mentioned, because there were no persons confined there for religion, it was in the noisiest and sickliest part of the city, and moreover full of men. At this last objection neither he nor his clerk could refrain from smiling, and one of them said, if there were a hundred men there, she might be sure not one of them would look her in the face. The clerk was with them, and ordered the jailor to treat them well.

They were placed in a separate apartment, with one bed in it, and the old man, though not included in the arrest, remained with them. The next morning the jailor lodged them with his own family, either for money, it is said, or for compassion. It was not till Tuesday that she could receive the sacrament, and then a priest found means to bring it in a little silver case in his bosom, as usual. The jailor and his family behaved with the utmost kindness, and retired whenever they conceived their prisoners wished to be alone. He was a schismatic, that is, says the author, a Catholic\* in his heart. The ambassador sent his Confessor to visit her; he said he thought it better not to interfere, and begged her to take all possible care of herself, and procure whatever accommodations and comforts were to be

\* I have seen old tracts written to prove that many of the Puritans were Papists. This passage is remarkable, as the man in question certainly was so; it appears by some thing which he said to Luisa.

had at his expence, sending her at the same time a purse with a hundred crowns. Her other two companions came in coarse apparel to see her ; one of them was of one of the noblest families in the realm. Their case was laid before the council on the Wednesday ; it was at a time when the court wished to gratify Spain, a wish so disgracefully prevalent in James, and Cecil gave orders that they should be set liberty, and delivered to her own ambassador. D. Pedro urged her now more earnestly than ever to return to her own country ; he felt himself embarrassed by her conduct ; but it was to no purpose, she was determined to remain, and go on with her work.

Luisa greatly disliked London, a large and unpleasant city, where every thing was dear, the climate bad, every day in the year having a summer and winter of its own, the air thick and heavy, and with more plagues than ever Egypt had. During the first six years that she lived there, London was never free from the plague. The Puritans thought it a happiness to die of this disorder, and said of those whom it carried off, that they died of the mark \* of the Lord. There were some who took no precautions to avoid it ; if they were to die, they said, precautions could not save them ; and if they were not to die, they were of no use. The house in which any one died of the plague was indeed fastened up with all

\* God's-marks is Minshew's word for the plague-spots.



its inhabitants in it for a month, but the guards who were set over it would let them out for a piece of bread; and with incredible stupidity, as if, says the author, they were as blind in the affairs of government as in spiritual things, the bed and the apparel of the deceased were permitted to be sold immediately, and buyers were always to be found. With all this, the people still called London the Paradise of the world! Sometimes, when the pestilence raged with unusual violence, Luisa retired to Highgate.

But her labours were repaid with great success. When once she could persuade any one to listen to her, she seldom failed. The simple people who entered into the controversy had little chance of escaping from her who had texts and authorities at command, books to distribute, and Jesuits to second her. She was a sort of decoy-duck for the priests. One of her greatest triumphs was over a Calvinist preacher, whom she shipt off for Flanders, and transformed into a Benedictine. The boys whom she converted were sent over to the seminaries. All this was not done without considerable expence; Philip III., therefore, ordered her a monthly pension of 300 *reales*, which was at one time increased to 500; other and very considerable supplies came from her uncle, the archbishop of Toledo, and from a long list of Spanish nobles. Canvassing even for souls is expensive in England. She had always a large stock of gloves to give away to

those who were in hand for conversion. She dealt largely with pedlars, in order that they might call frequently, and be in the way of instruction. Books were a heavy article of expence, because they were prohibited, and therefore bore a double price. It was remarkable that the English took these things ungraciously, and seemed to think that all that could be done for them was nothing more than Spain was bound to do for the Catholics.

Another successful practice was to look out for lying-in women, and offer to pay the expence of the christening, and thus smuggle the child into the kingdom of heaven, if it were lucky enough to die in time. One particular providence is mentioned of a healthy infant who was so happy as to be carried off by a fit the very next day. She used to go into the fields where poor women were wandering about, just ready to be delivered there, (a common thing in that country) and sometimes she succeeded in converting them, as well as securing the children. The prisoners for religion she assisted as far as possible, and those who escaped she concealed in her house till they could find means of getting abroad. She knew all who were arrested, visited them in prison, and exhorted, them to bear witness bravely to the faith.

Among the Catholic sufferers in this reign were John Roberts, a Benedictine, and Thomas Somers (Somer) a secular priest; the former

had been apprehended six times, and had always till now escaped. Luisa was in the prison when he and his companion were summoned to receive sentence. He was in ill health, and was seized with such a trembling, that he could neither button the sleeves of his doublet nor tie his points. Look, how I tremble! said he to Luisa. Yes, she replied, like the great soldier who said his flesh trembled at the dangers to which his spirit would expose it. She obtained permission for them, by dint of money, to pass the night not in the condemned hole, but with the other Catholic prisoners. There were about twenty prisoners at table, besides many friends of Luisa, chiefly women, who were come to take their leave of these martyrs, and to receive their blessing. As soon as they entered the room, and said they were condemned to die the next day, Luisa knelt down and kissed their feet, thus in her own person shewing the honour in which all Spain would hold their memory. She was placed at the head of the table, between these men who were on the morrow to die a cruel death, and in her own mind she compared this to the last supper of the Redeemer. Some of the company were in tears, but they were tears of triumph; others envied their brethren who were thus before them in the race. Roberts was himself so cheerful, that for a moment he thought such cheerfulness did not become him, and asked her if it were not fit that he should retire and pray. No, she re-

plied, he could not be more worthily employed than in shewing them how cheerfully a man could die for Christ.

The day on which they suffered, Fray Mauro de Sahagun, a Benedictine, who went in England by the name of William Scott, asked her if he might bring their relicks to her house, as he knew no other place of security. It need not be said how willingly and joyfully she consented. A coach was provided for these relick-stealers; the guards pursued before they could reach it, and the leg of one body and two quarters of the other were dropt in their flight, but they succeeded in carrying off the rest. Whatever remains of such Catholic sufferers she could procure, she shrined with her own hands, whether relicks of their bodies, or their letters, or their apparel, which she was wont to purchase; and she labelled the relicaries in which they were placed, and distributed them as presents to the persons whom she loved best.

This last supper in the prison gave the ambassador some uneasiness, and one of his chaplains besought her to leave England, least she should one day be killed by the populace. All, indeed, urged her to return to her own country, but without effect. No, she said, if they sent her by force to Flanders or to Spain, she would come back again to die in England, though it should be upon a dunghill; not for any love or liking to England, for she liked nothing in it, but because she knew it was the

will of God. Abbot had heard of this supper—that false bishop of London, who, it is said, proved so great a shedder of Catholic blood, that he merited the archbishopric of Canterbury. He complained of her to the council, stating, that by means of the liberty she enjoyed as a woman and a foreigner, she perverted more than many priests. It was determined to send her out of the kingdom, and orders were given to the different jailors to detain her when next she entered any of the prisons. Of this she was apprized in time, and kept at home. Abbot sent to summon her; she would have gone for the sake of giving the archbishop a lecture, but the ambassador bade her courteously decline to appear. Accordingly she answered the messenger through the little grating in the door, that she could not believe the archbishop had sent for her, and that she could not leave the house on account of her health. No more was heard of this, for James had not courage to do any thing that might give offence to Spain.

The recal of D. Pedro (1610) was a great loss to her, though his successor, the Conde de la Rivilla, afforded her the same protection. About the same time also she was deprived of her confessor, who was apprehended, and after long confinement, banished. Nothing could be more dreadful than the state of the English Catholics. The *searches* (*cherques*) were precisely like the domiciliary visits in France—at all hours of the night they were subject to

them ; if the door was not instantly opened, it was forced ; every place was examined where in a man could possibly be concealed, and it may well be supposed to what insults, extortions, and robberies, the unhappy family was exposed. Luisa says in one of her letters, that she was perpetually reminded of the words of Christ—O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that slayest the Prophets. She could not leave her house without seeing the heads and quarters of the priests exposed upon the gates, and the birds feeding upon them. The oath of allegiance was at this time exacted with great rigour, and Luisa exerted all her influence to make the Catholics refuse it as a deadly sin, which the Pope had declared it to be. Robert Drury was apprehended for this cause ; he had studied five years in the English seminary at Valladolid, and had exercised his perilous ministry twelve years in England, till now he was thrown into prison, for refusing to take this oath. Luisa was with him whole days in his dungeon, encouraging him to persist to the last, and suffer death. That a woman ready to do this should regard such a woman with reverence and affection was to be expected ; he left his mother as a legacy to her care, and went to execution with a countenance like an angel, for he was exceedingly beautiful, and there was a heavenly joy in his face. Luisa took the mother home, and never parted with her till she had procured her a sufficient pension to live with respectability and comfort.

Fray Mauro (William Scott) who had carried off the relicks of Roberts\*, suffered himself in 1611, in company with Richard *Nim-port* (?) a secular priest. They were executed with sixteen malefactors (for the number of criminals who suffered death was always very great) and their quarters were buried under the gallows, that they might not be stolen and worshipped. Don Alonso de Velasco, son of the ambassador, was then in London. Luisa asked him and his attendants to rescue these relicks. This was no easy adventure, for it was near Midsummer, the grave had been dug six feet deep, and these bodies purposely laid under all the others. Don Alon-

\* Roberts was a feigned name. Antonio de Yepes (*Cor. Gen. de S. Benito*, T. 4. f. 58.) says that his name was Juan *Maruina*, and that he was born at *Ransuenit*, in the province of *Merionit*, being of a noble British family. It is not easy to guess at the two former of these words. It seems he was originally of the reformed religion, but became a catholic in France, from whence the Archbishop of Bourdeaux sent him to Father Creswell, at Madrid, as a hopeful subject. Yepes calls his fellow-sufferer Sumers *Vuirsono*, and says that they were buried under the sixteen thieves, to prevent the catholics from venerating them, but that they, partly by marks partly by conjecture, got the gold from the dross. Fr. Guillermo Jansenio (William Johnson?) an old comrade of Roberts, carried some of his relicks to Spain. This Father, says Yepes, left me a very good bone at St. Benitos, in Valladolid, and he took a whole arm to his own Convent, San Martin de Santiago. These relicks probably still exist, but it is evident that instead of belonging to Roberts, as Yepes imagined, they must be those of Scott, or *Nim-port*;—*n'importe*.

so, however, undertook the task, and went with ten or twelve of his servants, all well armed. They knew the bodies easily, because the rest were whole ; put them in sacks which Luisa had made of her own sheets, and returned with them in triumph before day-break. She was ready with twelve women to receive them, each holding a taper in each hand ; the way from the door to the oratory was strewn with flowers ; the dismembered bodies were laid on a carpet before the altar, and covered with a cloth of crimson silk, on which sweet flowers were scattered, and the Catholics prayed beside them. Nothing more could be done that day, for so many hereticks called that it seemed as if the devil had sent them on purpose. The night was spent in cleaning these relics ; they had been buried three days ; water was spirted upon them from the mouth, as the safest way, and wiped off with dry cloths ; they were then anointed with the strongest spices, and lastly cased in lead. Parts were given to the gentlemen of the court, who would accept no other reward for having brought them off ; others were dispatched as presents to Luisa's noble friends in Spain ; but the greater part were sent to the town of Gondomar, and deposited in the Count's own chapel, where they are probably still venerated to this day.

These things, when the ambassador's son and retinue did not do it themselves, were expensive. She says in a letter, the stealing and preserving the last martyr cost me seventeen pounds



(each of which is forty *reales*), and it was very cheap, for it was dangerous to get at it.—Resurrection-men have greatly fallen in their price.

It now became necessary, in consequence of a severe illness, that she should remove to a more airy situation. A house was found for her in Spitalfields, about a mile from the Spanish, and near the Venetian ambassador's. It stood singly, had a good garden, and was lofty and strong. She called it her Oran, her strong hold in the land of the misbelievers. In this she fortified herself, that is to say, she doubled the doors, and the outer one was never opened till the inner was secured, and a fierce mastiff mounted guard in the garden. The reason for these precautions was, that she had established a sort of nunnery here. Catholics regarded it as a seminary, and thought themselves happy if they could get a woman who had been trained here to superintend their children. The mode of life was sufficiently conventual. They were to rise at five from Easter till Michaelmas, at six during the rest of the year; rising, private prayer, and making the bed, not to occupy more than half an hour; then they met in the oratory, to pass an hour in mental prayer, which might be assisted by reading, if thought necessary. The subjects of contemplation for Monday and the three following days were death, judgment, hell, and heaven; for Friday and Saturday, the passion, crucifixion, and burial of Christ; for Sunday, the resurrection; and these themes

for thought were not to be changed without the approbation of the superior. Primes then followed, and in the winter Tierce and Sexts. They then went to their work, either together or separately, at the pleasure of the superior. If it was necessary for health, they might now walk in the garden, but silence was to be observed from the time of rising till mass, which was celebrated at eight in summer and at nine in winter. If there was a sermon, it was to be immediately after mass, if possible, otherwise at whatever hour the superior should appoint. After mass, Nones in winter ; in summer, Tierce and Sexts, and Nones at ten ; during Lent, Vespers at ten. From this time till a quarter before eleven they worked and conversed upon edifying subjects ; each then was to examine the state of her own conscience for a quarter of an hour. At eleven they went to dinner, or breakfast (for it was both) during which the reader of the week read to them. The time-keeper (*Relogera*) then turned up an hour-glass, and they might amuse themselves till it had run out. Then they went about their several occupations, keeping silence till two. From two till three the superior, once at least in every week, was to deliver an exhortation to them in the working chamber, or call apart those who needed either advice or correction. On Fridays they assembled at this hour in the oratory, and sung the hymn *Ave Regina Cælorum* ; after which, each in her turn publicly confessed what faults she was

conscious of, guarding only against any thing indecorous, or which could be contrary to edification. Another person, called the Censor or Inspector (*Celadora*) was then to point out any thing which had escaped the self-observer, and this concluded with the *Miserere*, and with prayer. On the days when this hour was left at leisure, it was to be passed in reading history, the lives of the saints, or any other books which could serve at the same time for instruction and amusement. Vespers at three, then the Litany of the life and death of Christ, then the Rosary of the life and death of Christ to be gone through. Work and silence again till five, and in Lent till six. This was the time for seeing visitors, if permission was granted; but none of the community was permitted to see a visitor alone, not even a female relation, nor might any visitor remain longer than an hour. Complines at half-past five in summer, an hour later in winter; then half an hour's prayer by the glass, and the Litany of our Lady, as chaunted at Loretto. If there should be any interval before supper, it might be employed in self-examination, or in edifying conversation. Supper at seven in summer, at eight in winter, and Matins at half after eight or half after nine, according to the time of year; then a short self-examination; and on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, every one was to retire and *discipline* herself, that is, flog herself, which was to be done every night in Lent, except on Sundays, and festivals always excepted; on

other nights a short reading upon the subject for contemplation of the next morning. They then went to bed. The superior might, if she pleased, order discipline before Primes in the morning. Cilices were to be worn once a week, and in Lent twice or thrice a week.

The Gunpowder Plot, the writings of the Jesuits, and the assassination of Henry IV. had alarmed and exasperated the government. Upon this murder, a general search was made for priests during three successive nights; spies were set in the streets to watch every suspected house, and women and children were employed upon this service, as being least liable to be suspected themselves. It was not possible that Luisa could escape notice. The very precautions which she took sufficiently proved that something was concealed; yet she carried on her nunnery two years without being molested. Abbot still had his eye upon her, but his agents could never obtain admittance; even when they went with a general order to search all houses for materials for saltpetre (according to law) she refused to admit them, and referred them to the Spanish ambassador. At last Abbot laid the matter before the Privy Council, and complained that there was a nunnery established under his nose. The British Solomon's feelings had just been touched in their only vulnerable part; the king of Spain had sent the book which Suarez had written against him into England, and upon this provocation he boldly gave orders to

issue a warrant. On the 28th of October, 1613, the recorder and the sheriff went to execute it in person. They got over the garden wall by means of ladders, and forced the house doors. The catholic biographer says, they were astonished at the appearances of poverty within; coarse dresses, hard mattresses, planks instead of tables, not even a chair on which the magistrates could sit down; the provisions corresponded to the furniture; a little sea-coal, as it is called, which the poor use for fuel, and some tubs of water, which was not what they looked for. The oratory was richly fitted up, but they did not discover it, for the search was not made with the usual rigour.

A crowd speedily collected, and the Flemish ambassador (being then the nearest Catholic one) came up. Luisa told him, all she was alarmed for was for the safety of a Jesuit, who had come there that morning to meet some ladies and confess them, thinking it a safe place. The ambassador immediately cried out to him in an angry tone, Did I not give orders that none of my servants should come to this house? go home, sir! Gondomar soon arrived; he and the Fleming both demanded that Doña Luisa should be given into their charge, promising that she should appear whenever the council summoned her. The magistrates replied, that they had no authority to do this, and they produced an order in the king's own hand for apprehending her, though the Spanish

ambassador himself should protect her. There were at this time only five damsels under her care; one was ill in bed, and died the next day; one escaped; the other three were taken into custody with her. They were carried to Lambeth, where the archbishop asked at what hour they rose to matins, how many nuns she had, what rules they followed, and other such frivolous questions, says Luis Muñoz; and every now and then he exclaimed, Was there ever such a strange woman in the world! set up a nunnery in the very face of the government! in London! in sight of the king and his council! To all this Luisa only answered, that he was not her judge. She and her companions were committed to prison. The countess of Gondomar drove directly to the prison, and sent to tell the king that there she should remain and keep Doña Luisa company, till he should be pleased to deliver her to the Spanish ambassador. The lady of the Flemish ambassador went also to visit her. Gondomar complained loudly; his majesty, he said, had given him the strongest possible proof that his presence in court was no longer acceptable, and he declared that he would leave England, unless Doña Luisa were given up to him. The privy council insisted that she should be sent out of the kingdom; he replied, they had not shewn cause sufficient for this. After four days, instead of shipping her and the ambassador off together, James yielded, and gave her

to him. He and the Fleming went in person to receive her, with eight or nine carriages in their train. With this procession they made the circuit of the principal streets, passed purposely by the palace in contempt of the king, and carried her in triumph to Gondomar's house, where she still carried on her business of reconciling converts to the church of Rome; but her former abode was made use of for the ceremony, Gondomar's being watched too narrowly.

The council were however determined, notwithstanding this submission to the insolent Spaniard\*, that Luisa should not remain in England; and they instructed the English ambassador at Madrid to insist that she should be ordered home. Great efforts were made on her part to resist this demand; but the treaty between the two countries expressly forbade

\* You are deceived if the Bohemian state  
You think I touch, or the Palatinate;  
Or that this aught of Eighty-eight \* contains,  
The Powder-plot, or any thing of Spain's,  
That their ambassador need question me,  
Or bring me justly for it on my knee.

*Wither's Motto.*

Here is one proof that the English press was as gallant to the Philips as it has been to Bonaparte, and that they endeavoured in time of peace to pursue the same system of intimidating it.

\* i. e. The Armada,

the subjects of either from interfering with the religion of the other, and Gondomar was instructed to send her to Flanders, where the Infanta D. Isabel would receive her. Luisa declared she never would go, unless they carried her on board by force, and tied her to the mast. The difficulty was terminated by her death.

She was taken ill on the 20th of November; her biographer attempts to prove that it was in consequence of her imprisonment, and that therefore she actually was a martyr, according to her wish. On the 2d of January she died, having that day completed her 47th year, and having lived nine years in England. Her death was conformable to her life. When she felt it near, she drest herself for the grave, and even put on stockings, in order that as her feet had never been seen by any person while she lived, they might still remain covered. Her fear was, lest they should embalm her; to prevent this, she desired that as soon as she had expired, the *mongil*, the religious dress in which she had left Spain, and which she had preserved for this purpose, might be put on over her other grave-clothes, and that her corpse might not be touched.

The body was first laid in a leaden coffin, then in a wooden one, which was lined and covered with crimson sattin, and in a third of basket-work (*cofre de raquila*). It was then placed in a niche of Gondomar's chapel,



near the altar. His intention was to take it with him to Spain when he returned. Her obsequies were celebrated with great pomp in all the English seminaries. The Jesuits at Louvain immediately sent to demand the body, claiming it as their right, and not without some appearance of reason ; as she had founded that seminary, it seemed the fittest place for her relicks. But Luisa was in great odour in her own country, and all her devotees there were urgent that the body should be sent to Spain. The famous Marquis de la Siete Iglesias, D. Rodrigo Calderon, procured an order to this effect from the king. His wife was nearly related to Luisa, and on his plea they embargoed the coffin as soon as it arrived, and deposited it in the convent of Portaceli, at Valladolid, which they had founded. But the king's orders were, that it should be given to his convent of the *Encarnacion*, and the marquis was obliged to resign it. Thinking, however, to keep some relick, he proceeded to open the leaden coffin ; the salt water had got in upon the voyage, and now came out with so offensive a smell that he desisted. The nuns of the *Encarnacion*, one of whom had obtained permission to take a finger, were not so easily deterred. They opened the coffin, and found the body uncorrupted, and they applied lime to dry up the water effectually. Four years afterwards it was again inspected ; the lime had parched it, but still it was entire. Such a

treasure was too precious to be committed to the earth; the coffin was placed in the reliquary of the convent, and there it was often venerated by Philip IV. and his queen and court.

*RULES of the ROYAL COLLEGE  
of SURGERY at Madrid, founded by  
CARLOS III. 1787.*

**T**HERE shall be a Regulating Board (*Junta Gubernativa y Escalastica*) consisting of eight fellows (*Maestros*). These eight are to be presided over by the President of the College, or by the Director in his stead; and are to instruct the students theoretically and practically.

One of these Fellows shall on every Thursday evening read a dissertation to all the Members and Students. After this the Secretary shall present all papers that may have been laid before the board. These are to be read immediately or deferred till another sitting, or laid aside for particular examination as may be thought proper.

After a paper has been read, the Secretary is to write the opinion of the board under it. Such as require a particular examination are to be referred to two of the Fellows, who must give their opinion and remarks in writing. All these papers to be registered among the Archives by the Secretary.

After these readings the Board must remain alone to treat of the affairs of the College.

The President or Director may call an extraordinary sitting on any day but Thursday. A general sitting must be held at the close of every year to examine the accounts and books of the College.

The first Surgeon of the Bed-chamber shall always be President. The Director shall be chosen from among the Fellows.

Eighteen thousand *Reales de Vellon* shall be annually paid from the royal treasury, to be expended upon the library, surgical instruments, preparations, &c.

There shall be eight Professorships, four theoretical, four practical; each with an annual pension of 18,000 reales.

The first shall be of Anatomy. The Professor shall begin his instructions with *Osteology* upon the skeleton, and recent subject, proceed with Sarcology, and conclude with the organs of the senses. He shall follow the order and distribution of Winflow, till a better guide be found\*. His lectures are to begin on the first of October and end on the last of February. From ten to eleven in the morning. The students of the first and second year must attend. These students must assist at the dissections and making preparations.

The second shall be of Physiology and

\* This provis is always added when the guide is named.

*Higiene*.\* The guide Boerhaave. To begin the first of March and end the last of July. From nine to ten in the morning. To the first and second years students.

The third of Pathology and Therapeutics. To begin upon Nosology; expound its various causes, or what is called *Ætiologia*; signs or *Semeiotica*; and conclude with *Symptomatologia*, which is that part of Pathology that treats of the symptoms of diseases. The guide Boerhaave. From the first of March to the end of July. From ten to eleven in the morning. To the students of the second year.

The fourth of Materia Medica. He must treat of *Chemica-Medica* and Pharmacy; following Cartuser upon the Materia Medica, and Lafaye upon external applications. From the first of October to the end of February. From eleven till twelve in the morning. To the students of the fifth year.

The first practical Professorship shall be of surgical complaints; following Gorter. From the first of October to the end of February. From three till four in the evening. To the students of the third year.—He must likewise give a course of lectures upon dressings, (*rendages*) following Canibel, and operating upon a figure. To the students of the first and second years. From five till six in the evening, in June and July.

The second of midwifery and venereal com-

\* I do not understand this word; perhaps it means the doctrine of health.

plaints. To follow Astruc on the diseases of women and the obstetric art. He is likewise to treat of the diseases of children from their first formation till their seventh year, following Boerhaave. From the first of March till the end of July. From four till five in the evening. To the third years students.

This Professor shall privately instruct such women as may chuse to learn midwifery. They must bring their husband's permission, and no unmarried woman shall be admitted. Without having received his instructions, no woman shall practise midwifery in Madrid.

In his lectures on venereal complaints he shall follow and compress Astruc. From the first of October to the end of November. From four till five in the evening. To the students of the third year.

The third of operations and *Algebra Chirurgica*, the art of bone-setting. To follow the work by Velasco and Villaverde, operating upon a dead body. From the first of October till the last of February. From nine till ten in the morning. To the students of the fourth and fifth years. Upon *Algebra Chirurgica*, to follow Gorter. From five till six in the evening during April and May. To the students of the third and fourth years.

The fourth of mixed disorders, and clinical lectures. He must particularly treat upon Calentures; following Boerhaave. From the first of March to the end of July. From eleven till twelve in the morning. To the fifth years students.

The Clinical lectures shall be given in the infirmary of the College twice a week, at hours that will not interfere with other studies; to all the students, particularly those of the fifth year.

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There shall be a Dissector to assist the Anatomical Professor, who, though not a Member of the Board, shall be equally respected. He is to prepare for the Professors lectures, assist in making preparations, and teach dissection to the students. His salary 10,000 reales. If any student behaves improperly at a dissection he may turn him out, but he must immediately inform the Director.

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Those sick persons in the General Hospital whose cases may improve the students, shall be removed to the Infirmary of the College, where there shall be separate rooms for the sexes, and must never be less than 40 patients. All patients must come from the General Hospital. Only women that are pregnant to be admitted.

The three Professors of operations, surgical complaints, and mixed disorders, shall attend in the infirmary of the men every morning at eight, and give practical instructions. The Professor of Midwifery shall likewise give practical lessons.

The Hospital-Board (*Junto de Hospitales*) shall nominate a young Apothecary, who must attend at the morning visit to the Infirmary, and take down prescriptions. He is himself to

distribute the medicines, and be answerable for any mistake.

The Hospital-Board shall likewise nominate a Steward (*Cabo*) of the Infirmary, who must attend at the morning visit and take down prescriptions of diet. He must take care that every thing be clean, and keep the Infirmary quiet at the hours of rest.

The Hospital-Board shall also nominate two matrons for the female Infirmary ; where one of them must always be present.

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On the vacancy of a Fellowship, notice shall be given throughout the kingdom.

Four times as many points of medical or surgical science shall be written out, as there are candidates. Three of these shall be drawn by lot, and the opponent is to chuse one of these three, as a subject on which his rival must, in 24 hours, produce a Latin dissertation. During this time he is secluded in the College Library, where he shall be furnished with an amanuensis and with whatever books he may want ; but he shall only leave the Library to eat and sleep, both within the College.

After he has read his dissertation he must answer the objections made to it by two of his competitors. If it be upon a practical subject a body shall be prepared, on which he must demonstrate it, and then answer his two competitors objections.

For the second exercise he must give his opinion on one of the three subjects, which his rivals shall chuse by word of mouth, and in the



vernacular tongue ; to prepare for this exercise he shall have 24 hours. These two exercises to be performed in public.

The third exercise must be in private with the Judges, who shall assign the candidate any operations they think proper upon a body, till they are satisfied. All these exercises shall be performed on different days. The names of the candidates to be drawn by lot. The first to be opposed by the second and third, and so on.

The three exercises for the Professor of Anatomy and the Dissector shall be upon Myology, Neurology, and Splanchnology.

In order to be matriculated the students must understand Latin, and have studied Logic, Algebra, Geometry, and experimental Philosophy for three years. They must produce certificates from the Priest and *Regidores* of their parish, of their purity of blood, baptism, parents marriage, and of their life and manners.

They must also have such supplies from their friends as will support them decently, *without the necessity of their serving either as Barbers, or servants.* If any one is discovered in thus supporting himself after matriculation, his matriculation shall be void.

A person who is not matriculated may study ; but he cannot demand a certificate of having attended the regular courses.

They cannot be admitted after the end of August every year.

On the first of October an inaugural Lecture shall be read.

The studies of the first year shall be Anatomy, Physiology, *Higiene*, and Dressings.

Of the second year, the surgical studies repeated, Pathology, and Therapeutics.

Third, Surgical complaints, *Algebra Chirurgical*, Midwifery, and Venereal complaints.

Fourth, Studies of the third year repeated. Surgical operations.

Fifth, Surgical operations repeated, to conclude with Clinical lectures, *Materia Medica*, and mixed disorders.

Botany and Chemistry to be studied in the last years.

The students shall be examined every September, and their progress and conduct recorded. This account shall be delivered to them with their certificate at the expiration of their studies.

A gold medal weighing four ounces shall be given every year from the Treasury, as a prize for the students who have completed their surgical studies.

The students may settle and exercise their profession in any part of the kingdom. But if any student *turns Barber*, he forfeits all his privileges.

Twelve *Colegiales internos* shall be chosen among the students, to take care of the Infirmary. They shall receive five reales a day for five years, to be paid monthly.

The three most skilful of these shall act in the absence of the three Professors who attend the Infirmary.

They must rise at five, and study in their own chambers till seven. Till eight prepare all things necessary for the Infirmary. Till nine attend in the Infirmary. Till twelve at the different lectures. The gates of the College shall then be shut, and all the Collegiates dine in common. After dinner they may retire to rest in their own rooms; those who do not chuse to rest themselves must keep silence and not disturb the others. At two the doors shall be opened. Till three they must attend the sick. Till six at lectures. After that hour they must conform to the internal regulations of the College. All this shall be literally observed.

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The library shall be open to every person from ten till twelve in the morning, and from two till four in the evening, from November till the end of February. From three till five in the evening in March, April, September, and October. From nine till eleven in the morning, and four till six in the evening, in May, June, July, and August.

The Librarian shall deliver the instruments to the Professor for his lectures, who must return them clean.

The Surgeon shall record the history of every diseased part of which he makes a preparation.

The College may have as many bodies as are wanted from the General Hospital; without consulting the Hospital Board.

There shall be a Dispensary under the care of the Professor of Materia Medica.

Any person who behaves decently may be admitted to the Anatomical Lectures.

There shall be a store of the best instruments.

The archives of the College shall be preserved.

The Secretary shall have apartments for his family; two thousand reales annually, and one thousand for an amanuensis.

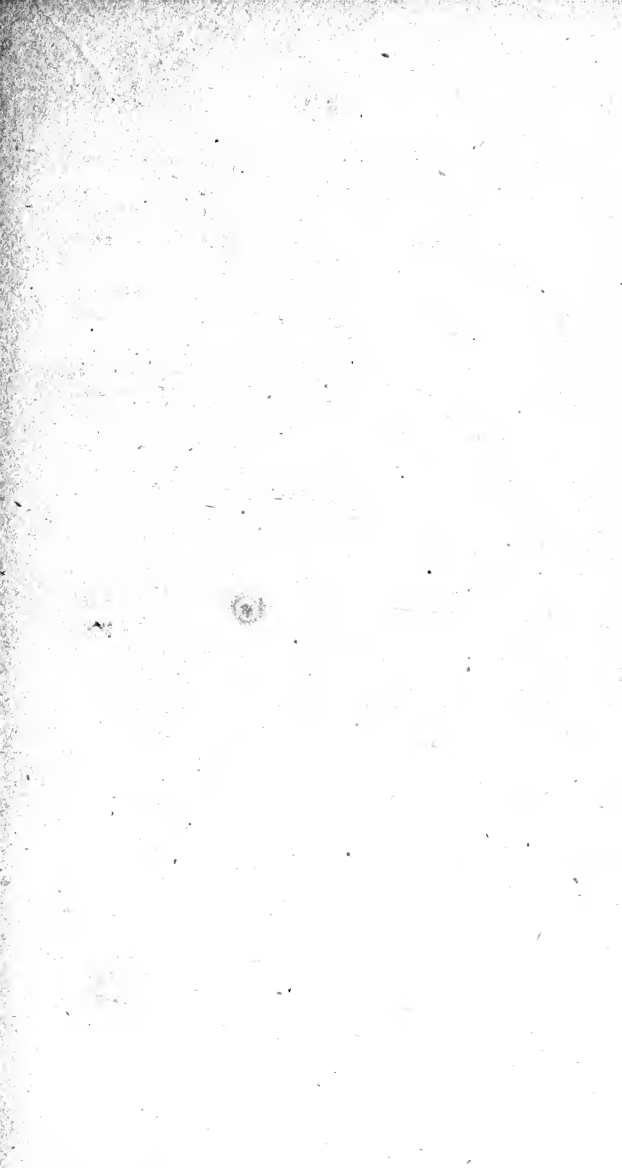
The Librarian must be one of the eight Fellows, who well understands the Latin, French, Italian, and English languages. His salary shall be two thousand reales, and that of his assistant one thousand.

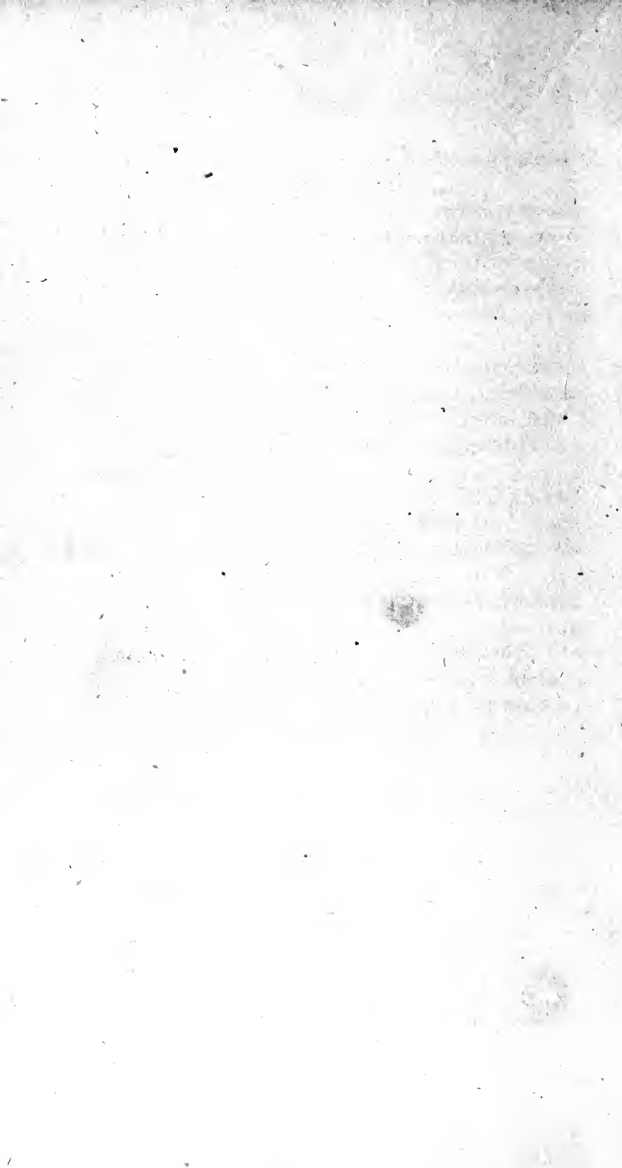
The Instrument Maker shall have 3300 reales annually. The Porter 2200 annually. The Cook and Refitolero (one who takes care of the refectory) 150 reales monthly.

These salaries shall all be paid from the royal Treasury.

These rules shall literally be observed. If any of them should be found inconvenient, the Board shall advise together, and propose an emendation to the Royal Council.

THE END.







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